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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
PUBLIC AFFAIRS	151	VILLENEUVE BY AVIGNON... ..	163	LETTER TO THE EDITOR:—	
THE PRIME MINISTER AT ENTER	153	LE NOUVEAU JEU	164	The Bye-Elections	172
OATHS AND EVIDENCE	154	MORE ABOUT ARTISTIC EDUCATION. By		A LITERARY CAUSERIE. By A. B.	173
A MORAL FOR LIBERAL UNIONISTS	155	G. M.	165	REVIEWS:—	
THE NEWMAN STATUE	156	THE DRAMA. By A. B. W.	166	Two Books on Colonial Policy	174
THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD	156	THE WEEK	16	Schliemann's Excavations... ..	175
THE PORTUGUESE DEBT COMPROMISE ...	157	THE RUSSIAN BUDGET FOR 1892. By		A Gascon Poet	176
CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS ...	158	Dr. Gefken	169	Fiction	177
THE SECRET OF MR. SPURGLON... ..	160	A VILLAGE GENIUS. By Katharine Tynan	170	The Magazines	177
A FRENCH REPUBLICAN'S VIEW OF THE		VERSE:—The Storming Party. By A.		Economic Method	179
DEVELOPMENT OF PRUSSIA	161	Conan Doyle	172	A History of Canada	179
				The Sounds of Old English	179
				First Impressions	180

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. KNOX's article in our issue of last week will have prepared our readers for the announcement which must strike many people as curious—viz., that although LORD SALISBURY has paid his postponed visit to Exeter before the meeting of Parliament, MR. BALFOUR is not expected in Ulster before August. Coupled with the absence of any word about the Irish Local Government Bill from the Prime Minister's speech, this indisposition of his nephew to face the deluded "loyalists" of Belfast is significant of much. One of LORD SALISBURY's admirers is consumed by ecstasy over his straightforwardness. MR. GLADSTONE is the tortuous casuist, but the charm of his chief antagonist is a complete freedom from "double-dealing." How exquisite, for instance, is LORD SALISBURY's candour about a measure which has been announced as the principal feature of the Ministerial programme, and of which the head of the Government vouchsafes not a scrap of information to his bewildered followers! How noble the courage of MR. BALFOUR, whose woe for the death of the DUKE OF CLARENCE will not permit him to explain his policy on an Ulster platform for the next seven months! It is so much easier and more candid to impeach the mass of Irish people as Hottentots or "uncivilised" Papists.

MR. HENRY FOWLER has answered with much spirit LORD SALISBURY's slanders on the Irish Catholics. "A more unworthy appeal to the basest passions of religious bigotry was never made by an English statesman." But this bigoted sentiment is now the Prime Minister's staple stock-in-trade in domestic politics. He is never happy unless he is denouncing his Catholic fellow-subjects as the allies of some foreign foe, historical or prospective. When he touches a secular topic, like the burden of the poor-rates on the land, he blunders so grossly that, as MR. FOWLER showed, he actually proposes to relieve the landowner by confiscating public property. Whenever LORD SALISBURY talks about the rates, it is with the idea of diddling the nation for the benefit of the landlords; and whenever he talks about the Constitution, it is to sustain the theory that a Conservative statesman deserves best of his country who can stick to office for seven years. MR. FOWLER very properly contends that the Opposition have a right to know at once whether there will be a dissolution this year, and on what register it will be held.

WHILE LORD SALISBURY was scoffing at village councils and charging MR. GLADSTONE with proposing to revive the ruinous methods of benefiting the agricultural labourer which were finally disposed of by the Poor Law of 1834, MR. GLADSTONE's crushing answer to his charges—all the more effective because it was anticipatory and unintentional—was on its way to the printer's hands. His article on the History and Position of the Labour Question, which appears in the first number of the *Weekly Star*, points out how all the influences which have improved the position of the working classes in the towns have been absent in the case of the agricultural labourers. Unenfranchised till 1885, standing apart (to a great extent) from the influences which raised the money wages of artisans at the same time as Free

Trade cheapened their food, depressed and degraded in the main by that contact with their superiors which sentimentalists of the Young England School have regarded as a picturesque and valuable feature of English rural life, kept down by the old Poor Law—"an elaborate instrument for destroying self-reliance"—and by the spirit it has engendered, which is not eradicated yet, they require political information, opportunities for discussion, and, above all, those facilities for cultivating the soil on their own account which are enjoyed by the peasantry of almost every Continental country, and which (we may add) are now being increased by the State, even in reactionary Prussia. "The movement for a reasonable and manly self-assertion among our rural population" should, MR. GLADSTONE thinks, on no account be allowed to drop, and will be best stimulated by an adequate political press for the rural labourer, and the provision of an effective local government at his doors. We are glad to welcome the *Weekly Star* as a contributor to the first requirement. This authoritative statement of the Liberal aims by the Liberal leader can only bring into greater prominence the futility of the Tory championship of the rural labourer, of which we have had so notable a specimen in the Ely Conference.

MR. CHAPLIN is scarcely the man to save the Government, and yet his flourishes at Ely seemed to portend this undertaking. His Small Holdings Bill will create a host of yeomen, of miniature CHAPLINS, who are to vote Conservative and baffle Radical experiments with the soil. The Minister of Agriculture has even committed himself to the sentiment that every labourer in the country ought to have his piece of land; which sounds suspiciously like those Radical promises which we are assured are so wickedly delusive. As this boon is to depend on the goodwill of the landowners, and no local authority is to be endowed with compulsory powers of acquiring and managing real estate, MR. CHAPLIN's yeomen are rather an unsubstantial army. Animated by pure philanthropy, he has parted company with severe economists like MR. REW, the Chairman of the Central Chamber of Commerce, who says that allotments lower wages and the quality of labour. But is it part of the beautiful unity of the Unionists that the *Times*, wearing its REW with a difference, should applaud MR. CHAPLIN one day and scoff at his projects the next?

WHATEVER may be thought of the political capacities of women, there can be no question as to the excellence and value of their work in various departments of practical political economy. Besides this it is obvious that the conditions under which women labour can only be properly appreciated by their own sex. It is well, therefore, that Group C of the Labour Commission has just recommended the appointment of four women sub-commissioners, nominated by itself, to investigate the conditions of female labour especially in those textile industries which are its special department of investigation. One of the commissioners, MISS COLLETT, has obtained some distinction in political economy as well as in other studies, and has recently published the result of her inquiries into the condition of women-workers in the textile trades at Leeds. The rest have taken a prominent part in promoting the welfare of the class with which they

are now to be concerned. There are a good many dark places among the trades in which women are employed—some few of them illuminated and amended already by the action of women's trades unions and their promoters—and plenty of information about them is available if only there is an authority to collect it which will command the confidence of the workers, which the composition of the sub-commission indicates that it ought to do.

It has been announced this week by the *Standard*, apparently with some show of authority, that BISHOP VAUGHAN, of Salford, will be the new Archbishop of Westminster. As has before been pointed out in these columns, his appointment would be a reversion to the aristocratic traditions of English Catholicism, which CARDINAL MANNING, to the horror of many English Catholics, departed from with such marked success. Should he be appointed, by the way, the candidature of the DUKE OF NORFOLK for the County Council will acquire a new significance. As a close adherent of the new Archbishop, the DUKE would then be able to speak with authority as representing the Roman Catholic public. We doubt whether this will be a recommendation in the eyes of a large number of his "Moderate" supporters. Should BISHOP VAUGHAN not be appointed, it seems all but certain that he will be made archbishop of a new northern province. Of the other candidates suggested, BISHOP BAGSHAW of Nottingham is perhaps too combative a man to be safe. BISHOP CLIFFORD of Clifton is a scholar, and would be an admirable selection, were it not for his age; but it is very probable he would not accept the nomination. The appointment of MONSIGNOR GILBERT would, it is said, be very popular among a large section of the Roman Catholic public. ARCHBISHOP EYRE of Edinburgh, a man of great wealth, and whose name has not been generally mentioned, is, we believe, looked on in some quarters as a possible candidate.

THIS week has seen the announcement of two serious maritime disasters. Both may involve enormous loss of property, and one for a time bid fair to rank among the most terrible shipwrecks on record. On Sunday evening the North German Lloyd steamer *Eider*, from New York, missed the entrance to the Solent in a thick fog, and struck on a ledge of rocks off Atherfield in the Isle of Wight, a few miles west of Blackgang Chine. There she remained, with her crew and passengers, 393 souls in all, with a heavy gale coming on, almost unapproachable even by lifeboats, quite out of the reach either of steam tugs or of the rocket apparatus, and with a considerable prospect of breaking her back. Happily, however, the modern "reserved merchant cruiser" is far more strongly built than the ordinary merchant steamship. In the morning the local lifeboats landed thirteen passengers with great difficulty; in the afternoon, with still greater difficulty, the remainder. Everybody on board behaved admirably, and the lifeboat crews seem to have well deserved the appreciative message sent by the Queen. The electric light at St. Catherine's Point wholly failed to penetrate the fog. PROFESSOR TYNDALL has suggested that an intermittent light would be more successful. Considering the number of wrecks in recent years at the back of the Isle of Wight, it certainly seems that additional means should be provided of lighting the fog-haunted neighbourhood of the Needles. Southampton is so admirably provided with railway and dock accommodation that the dangers of the approach are rather overlooked. But—unless Portland becomes a mail port, which is improbable—it is hardly likely that Atlantic steamers will cease to enter the Solent.

THE other disaster has befallen the finest ship in the British Navy, H.M.S. *Victoria*. She struck on a rock, apparently not marked on the chart, near Dragomesti, off the west coast of Greece, on the night of January 29th, and has hitherto remained immovable, despite all efforts to get her off. Here apparently the charts are in fault, their makers not having contemplated the existence of ships so enormous or of so deep a draught as H.M.S. *Victoria*. Modern ships, it is sometimes said, have outgrown the harbours devised for them by former generations of engineers; they seem also to have outgrown the charts provided by a former generation of hydrographers.

THE Money Market has been very quiet this week. It is believed that the gold exports have ceased, and in some quarters there is even an expectation that gold in large amounts will be received from the United States. Whether that will be so or not depends partly upon the course of the Stock Exchange, and partly upon the view taken in the States of the fall in silver. In the open market in London the rate of discount after advancing to 2 per cent. has become weaker again at about $1\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. During the week the price of silver has been as low as $41\frac{9}{16}$ d. per oz.—the lowest on record—and the exchange value of the rupee is also lower than it ever has been up to the present. The fall in silver, of course, is very injurious to the export trade with India, while it is beneficial to the export trade from India. It is also injurious to the Indian finances; but the main question raised by the fall is, How will it affect the policy of the United States? Will Congress persist in its silver policy when it is now proved a failure? Or will the act for the compulsory purchase of the metal be repealed? The probability, of course, is that nothing will be done until the Presidential election is decided. Another question of perhaps greater immediate practical importance is, How will the business community of New York and other great cities regard the fall in silver? Will they take alarm lest the continued purchases of silver should drive gold completely out of circulation? Will this fear, if it arises, lead to the hoarding of gold? or will the public conclude that all that is needed is even larger purchases still? As a matter of course the fall in silver has led to a fall in all silver securities.

A VERY uneasy feeling has pervaded the City all through the week. In the beginning it was rumoured that an eminent financial firm was in difficulties. We believe it is true that the firm in question has suffered losses, but additional capital has been put into it, and its solvency is beyond question. Over and above this, there has been a vague fear that some great disaster was impending. Then it was reported that a leading banker in Paris had committed suicide, and later it was announced that another banker had been arrested. In addition it is to be borne in mind that the fall in silver and cotton has inflicted heavy losses upon the merchants and manufacturers of Lancashire, as well as upon the planters in the Southern States, the mine-owners in the Western States, and the great speculators all over the American Union. The fall in silver, furthermore, threatens to disorganise the trade with all silver-using countries. Then, again, the Australian Colonies have somewhat lost credit, and the banking crisis in Australia has raised fears respecting Australian financial establishments, while the insolvency of Portugal has inflicted heavy losses upon investors and speculators. The country is all the less able to bear these fresh losses because of the great lock-up, consequent upon the breakdown in South America. Naturally there has been a sharp fall in American railroad securities, and indeed every department of the Stock Exchange has been depressed. The Paris Bourse, too, has been affected.

THE PRIME MINISTER AT EXETER.

A VERY eminent statesman, discussing the present Prime Minister a few months ago, remarked, "Lord Salisbury would be a great man if it were not for one thing—he is too fond of making vulgar speeches and rash speeches." The author of this judgment on the Chief of the Conservative party must have found in his speech at Exeter on Tuesday a confirmation of the opinion we have quoted. We suppose the strain of coarseness, amounting too often to positive vulgarity, which is noticeable whenever Lord Salisbury addresses a great gathering of his fellow-countrymen is due to the influence of heredity. Something of the same sort may at times be detected in the utterances of his nephew, Mr. Balfour. But, whatever may be the cause, it is certainly to be regretted that a man holding the great place of Lord Salisbury, not only in his party but in his country, should so frequently cause a shock to the nerves of his own friends and admirers by the curious coarseness and vulgarity of his ideas as they are set forth before popular audiences. There was more than enough of this element in the Exeter speech. But it is with its rashness rather than its coarseness that we are chiefly concerned. It was undeniably rash on the part of a Prime Minister who finds himself on the brink of a General Election with one breath to profess an utter indifference to defeats which have brought dismay and despair into the ranks of his party, and with the next to enter upon an elaborate but wholly fallacious calculation for the purpose of proving that the very reverses they have sustained imply victory in the future. Nor was it wise for Lord Salisbury to indulge in an almost extravagant panegyric of Free Education. It is quite true that we are indebted to him and his colleagues for a system of free schools, more or less sound; but it is notorious that the country has refused to thank them for a concession unmistakably wrung from their fears rather than founded upon their principles. Even the people who applauded him at Exeter cannot have forgotten that no man has more strenuously opposed Free Education than the present Prime Minister, and it was clearly a tactical mistake on his part to remind his audience of that which is his humiliation rather than his glory. It was rash, again, for Lord Salisbury to utter even the very guarded and modified approval of Mr. Chamberlain's notions of a National Pension system which fell from his lips. People are apt to remember praise when they forget the qualifications with which it has been accompanied, and some day Lord Salisbury himself will probably have reason to be sorry that he ever expressed approval of the singularly feeble and incomplete proposal for which Mr. Chamberlain has made himself responsible.

We may, however, leave to the members of his own party any further criticisms of the Prime Minister's ideas on the subject of social reform. It is doubtless refreshing to see that even Lord Salisbury has so far turned his back upon himself as to have come to the conclusion that the condition of the poor amongst us is not unworthy of the attention of statesmen. His confessions on this subject are of value, since they show that Ministers, clutching like drowning men at straws, are even willing to appropriate the policy of Mr. Arch and the New Socialists in the hope of thereby breaking their fall. But all this is of small consequence in comparison with that part of the Exeter speech which dealt with the General Election and the question of Home Rule. It was in his deliverances on these topics that Lord Salisbury reached the climax of rashness and folly. What, for example, could have been more foolish on the

part of a man who had just been assuring his hearers of his confidence of victory in the coming struggle than the remarks which he made about the House of Lords and the part it would play when Mr. Gladstone was next in office? It was all the more foolish thus to destroy the effect of his own vauntings because there is not a human being who is in the slightest degree frightened by his threats of the possible action of the Peers. Everybody knows that when the time comes Lord Salisbury will no more be able to induce the House of Lords to commit suicide than Lord Derby was in 1869. There are many Radicals who wish that it were otherwise, and who would be filled with joy if they could really believe that the Peers will act in the manner indicated by the Prime Minister. For our part, we hardly look upon the question as one of practical politics. The instinct of self-preservation is just as strong in a Peer as in any humbler person, and we can even believe that if the mortal combat to which Lord Salisbury so loudly challenges the nation were ever to be on the point of happening, the noble Marquis himself would follow the example of the redoubtable hero of whom it is recorded that "He fled full soon on the first of June, but bade the rest keep fighting."

As for his description of Home Rule, it reads like the attempt of an old school-dame to frighten into submission a number of children who have outgrown her authority. The cry of Separation, raised so loudly during the past six years, has ceased to terrify the most timid. Even the admirers of Mr. Balfour have come to the conclusion that the separation of Irish affairs from the affairs of the United Kingdom is not in itself an event which the world would greatly deplore; whilst the stale calumny which represents the Liberal party as anxious to bring about the destruction of the union between the two countries is no longer believed in by anybody. Conscious of this fact, the Prime Minister produces another bogey with which to strike terror into the hearts of his faltering followers. The granting of Home Rule to Ireland will, we are now told, involve not merely the rupture of the union between that country and this, but the destruction of the Empire as a whole. Our colonies, we are warned, will look upon the passing of a Home Rule Bill as the signal for their own withdrawal from an Empire which has been guilty of such an act of cowardice. It is difficult to deal seriously with an assertion so astounding and preposterous. We must, of course, assume that Lord Salisbury really believed the nonsense he uttered at Exeter; but, if so, in what sort of world has he been living during the past five years, and how is it that he alone among the people of Great Britain is ignorant of the fact that there is not a colony in all the wide limits of the Empire in which the majority of the inhabitants are not strongly in favour of Home Rule, and convinced that it must add to the strength and unity of the Empire as a whole? It was a fitting pendant to this extraordinary declaration that the Prime Minister should close his harangue with an appeal to the Jingoism of Englishmen which might have met with some response in 1878, but which sounds strangely out of date in 1892. We learned from bitter experience fourteen years ago in what Lord Salisbury believes the honour of England to consist, and even he might have been satisfied with the verdict which the nation at that epoch in its history pronounced upon the pretensions of himself and his friends to be the real guardians of that honour. To most people nowadays it seems that the Prime Minister is preaching the weakness rather than the strength of the Empire. His fears of

remote and impossible evils which are to spring from the consummation of a policy of justice smack more of cowardice than of heroism, whilst the craven counsels which in the name of the great god Jingo he pours into the ears of his followers are no less contemptible than they are hypocritical. Happily, as the General Election will prove, the majority of the people of Great Britain believe that the empire to which they are proud to belong, and whose glories they will never cease to cherish, is at least strong enough to do that which it knows to be right without dread of the consequences. "Be just, and fear not" is a text which very few persons amongst us besides Lord Salisbury himself are prepared to disregard.

Of the incredible folly of his reference to the members of the Roman Catholic Church it is needless to speak. Mr. Fowler said everything on that score which a Liberal can wish to say in his speech on Wednesday night. We can only condole with the unfortunate people who have seen their leader openly insult many members of his own party and one of his own colleagues. It is a *bêtise* to which only Lord Salisbury himself can supply a parallel, and it illustrates with singular clearness one side of his character. But what are we to think of his omission to say anything about the Irish Local Government Bill, the "great measure" which his own supporters look forward to with more of dread than of hope? If there were any sincerity in the professions of Ministers with regard to their Irish policy, this would, of course, have been the chief subject of political interest at the present moment. In less than a week Parliament will meet, and the Local Government Bill will be brought forward. But to the Prime Minister both these incidents seemed to be too trivial to be worthy of even a passing reference. What better comment can we desire on the real position and intentions of the Government?

OATHS AND EVIDENCE.

IT is a remarkable and singular coincidence that within three days—one of which was Sunday—there should have been two gross and glaring examples of the foolish and mischievous system under which oaths are administered to witnesses in this country. One of them resulted in a scandalous miscarriage of justice; the other only brought the law into contempt. Both alike should induce Parliament either to abolish oaths altogether, or at any rate to remove the question of a witness's religious belief from the purview of the tribunal before which he is called. The first and more serious case came before five judges on Saturday in a curious form. Two persons, a man and a woman, were convicted at the Quarter Sessions for North London of robbing an Indian gentleman named Lakhin Dass. Lakhin Dass expressed a wish to affirm instead of being sworn, and affirmed accordingly in the terms of the Oaths Act, which was passed in 1888. That statute, commonly known as "Bradlaugh's Act," provides that anyone—witness or not—required to take an oath may substitute for it an affirmation if he has no religious belief, or if taking an oath is contrary to the religious belief he has. The conditional words were not in the original Bill. They were inserted at the suggestion of the Government, and unwisely accepted by Mr. Bradlaugh to ensure the success of his measure. Now Lakhin Dass holds opinions which are shared by a very large proportion of educated mankind. He believes in the existence of a God. He respects all religious things. He

could swear upon any religious book which recognised the existence of a God. He was sworn at the police-court on the Bible. Yet he has no right to affirm instead of swearing, and because an usher, who knew no more about the matter than the man in the moon, allowed him to do so, a couple of thieves are turned adrift to recommence their predatory operations. Such no doubt is the law. The regularity of the proceedings could not be supported in a legal argument. Mr. Justice Wills, who has a turn for precision, put the question in what is called a nutshell. "To render the affirmation admissible," he said, "three things were necessary—(1) that the witness objected to be sworn, but he did not; (2) that he had a religious objection to take an oath, but he had none; or (3) that he had no religious belief, but he had." Sir William Maule himself could not have more tersely and thoroughly exposed the absurdity of the doctrines by which he was bound. A man of unimpeachable character, whose word a jury at once believed, cannot be heard to say who picked his pockets because he mumbled the wrong formula, and did not kiss a book he had never been taught to revere.

The other example of legal fatuity is only ridiculous, and involved no danger to the public. Miss Florence Nash, whose mother keeps lodgings in Bayswater, brought an action for breach of promise against Nawab Mahmoud Ali Khan, described as an Indian prince. The girl is no better than she ought to be, and her suit, very properly, failed. If, however, it had broken down because the evidence of her witness, Dr. Dutt, was rejected, she would have good reason to complain. Dr. Dutt, who is also a native of India, offered either to be sworn or to affirm. But he would not be sworn on the Testament. "I will swear," he added, "to tell the truth and the whole truth about this matter, and no humbug." It would be difficult to imagine a better frame of mind in which to enter the witness-box. Yet Mr. Justice Denman was compelled on Monday to follow the judgment delivered on Saturday, and reject the proffered testimony. Curiously enough, it was Mr. Denman who, as a Member of the House of Commons, brought in the first Bill for enabling atheists to testify. Like Mr. Bradlaugh, he framed a very sensible clause, "something like the form of oath" suggested by Dr. Dutt, and the House of Commons passed it. But the House of Lords, which has mutilated almost every good Bill it dared not throw out for the last sixty years, inserted a silly amendment to secure the principle of religious inquisition. How any sane man can think that people without religious belief should be permitted to affirm, and people with such belief should be compelled to swear or to hold their peace, we are wholly at a loss to imagine. John Bright used to inveigh with great force against all oaths, on the ground that they set up two standards of truth, and fostered the impression that a lie was venial if not accompanied with perjury. To some extent there must be the double standard deprecated by the illustrious Quaker. No man of the world will ever consider that in telling a good story at a dinner-table he is under the same obligation to strict veracity as if he were being examined on a trial for murder. But it is not the oath which makes the difference. It is the nature of the respective consequences to which inaccuracy in either instance would lead. A man who is not deterred from lying by the sense of moral responsibility, or the fear of penal servitude, is not likely to be moved by hackneyed words proceeding from the mouth of a judge's clerk. No human being really supposes that God will punish him for perjury in a running-down case, and will pardon him for affirming away the life of an innocent fellow-creature.

If oaths must be maintained for those who enjoy the luxury of swearing, at least, in the name of common-sense and common decency, let those who prefer it affirm.

A MORAL FOR LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

IT is a very pretty moral, too, that is taught by the story of the negotiations between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Tories of East Worcestershire. We commend it to our Liberal Unionist friends throughout the country, for in it they will find the fullest confirmation of the warnings which we have more than once addressed to them in these pages. East Worcestershire, as all the world knows, is at the present moment unfortunately in want of a candidate to fight the battle of the Government at the next General Election. It is one of those constituencies which lie within what may be called the political radius of Birmingham. What more natural in these circumstances than that a member of the Chamberlain family should be suggested as a fitting person to fill the vacancy? The gentleman who on this occasion was put forward to uphold the honour of the Chamberlain family and the Unionist cause was no less a personage than the son of Mr. Chamberlain himself. He is, from all that we can learn, a young man of decided ability and distinct political promise. It might well have been supposed that the "united" Ministerialists of East Worcestershire would have been only too glad to secure him as their representative. Mr. Austen Chamberlain himself appears to have been by no means anxious to come forward for this particular constituency. Another, and what he doubtless regards as a more promising, opportunity had already been offered to him. But, in response to the urgent entreaties of his local friends and of the admirers of the family, he seems to have consented to stand for East Worcestershire if the Tories and Dissident Liberals of that division wished to secure his services. Under these circumstances all ought to have gone as merry as a marriage bell. But an unaccountable hitch arose when young Mr. Chamberlain was brought face to face with the leaders of the Tory party in the constituency. They were quite willing to take him, it would appear; but only upon certain conditions. Their constitutional souls had been alarmed and revolted by one of the recent utterances of his august parent. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody is aware, recently wrote a letter in which he set forth his views upon the question of Welsh Disestablishment. The epistle was at once remarkably frank and almost incredibly foolish. In it he warned Welshmen that if they, like himself, were anxious to bring about the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, they would do well not to vote for Mr. Gladstone at the General Election, inasmuch as he was already pledged to put Home Rule in the first place in his programme.

Of the bearing of the letter upon Mr. Chamberlain's own fortunes and characteristics there is no need to speak here, but it has undoubtedly had a damaging effect upon the prospects of his son and heir. The East Worcestershire Tories, though anxious to secure a young man of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's promise, and probably not unwilling to associate themselves still more closely with the Birmingham politician, were resolved to "stand no nonsense" on the subject of Disestablishment either in Wales or in England. They accordingly—so runs the tale—insisted that the young candidate, before being finally accepted by them, should give a promise not to vote against the Establishment. Other

questions may have been raised in connection with his political programme, but of these we know nothing. What seems to be clear is that if he had been accepted as the candidate of the Ministerialists in this particular division, he would have found himself fettered on one of the subjects on which his father's Liberalism is still apparently unchanged. Greatly to his credit Mr. Austen Chamberlain at first refused to take the pledge thus offered to him. At the same time the East Worcestershire Tories were warned, with that portentous solemnity which Mr. Chamberlain knows so well how to assume, that perseverance in the course they were taking would endanger the great alliance and bring about something worse than the disruption of the Empire—the disunion of the Unionist party. Sad to say, in spite of the warning which they thus received, they resolutely adhered to the line they had marked out for themselves, and failing to obtain from Mr. Austen Chamberlain the pledge for which they asked, threatened to transfer their support to a Tory with whom on all points they are likely to find themselves in agreement. It ought to be said that the sitting member for East Worcestershire, Mr. G. W. Hastings, is not a Conservative but a Liberal Unionist, and that therefore, in accordance with the Salisbury-Hartington compact, the constituency is one of those which ought to be represented at the next election by a member of the Liberal Unionist party. It is hardly necessary to point the moral of the little tale. Whether Mr. Austen Chamberlain has adhered to his own principles, or, as the latest news would seem to indicate, has yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him, the moral of the story is equally forcible. It shows on what terms, and what terms only the Tories are willing to maintain their present relations with the Liberal Unionists. It is not in East Worcestershire alone that the Tories are girding under the burden of the yoke imposed upon them when they accepted the help of the Liberal Unionist crutch. Nor can we wonder at the fact that both there and elsewhere they are quickly making up their minds to fight their future battles on their own ground, and in the interests of their own party alone. Everywhere outside of Birmingham—and possibly in Birmingham also—the Liberal Unionists are a feeble folk, day by day diminishing in numbers and in influence, though not in their supreme feeling of self-righteousness. Day by day, too, the fact is becoming more strongly impressed upon the minds of the Tories that their one chance of holding their own in future struggles lies in their frank adherence to their own principles. Thus another blow, not quite so great perhaps as that which they received in Rossendale a fortnight ago, but undoubtedly serious of its kind, has been dealt at the unfortunate body of Dissident Liberals, and this time the blow is delivered from within their own camp. It is impossible not to feel a certain degree of pity for men whose fate is so clearly sealed, even though many of us may feel not only that this fate has from the first been foreshadowed, but that it is in every respect deserved. But, setting aside this natural sentiment of compassion for a fallen foe, we cannot but acknowledge that the little incident in East Worcestershire proves once more the folly of those who imagined that it was possible for a party like that led by the Duke of Devonshire to maintain the thoroughly unsound and inequitable position which it was enabled by the fortune of war to assume in 1886. For Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself this unfortunate episode in the political history of his family will hardly tend to encourage him at the outset of his new duties as deputy-leader of the Liberal Unionist party.

THE NEWMAN STATUE.

IT would have been well had the original design of the Executive Committee of the Newman Memorial been carried out. A majority of the Catholic members, including the Duke of Norfolk, were of opinion that a statue of Newman ought to be erected in London. Had this proposal been adopted, we should have heard little or nothing of a controversy that has roused the sectarian animus which civilisation makes such ineffectual efforts to quell. A public meeting was held in Oxford the other day to protest against the grant of a site in Broad Street for the proposed monument, and intermixed with the very reasonable objections to the choice of such a spot for such a purpose was the inevitable bark of theological animosity. Canon Ince cannot have been gratified when his allusion to Newman's secession from the Anglican Church was greeted with the cry of "Judas!"; nor can he have listened with enthusiastic accord to the rhetorical chairman, who informed his auditors that they owed civil and religious liberty and an open Bible to Protestantism, and asked them whether they wished "to have these things undone." A sense of proportion is the last element which enters the mind of your sectarian, so it is useless to ask Councillor Underhill how on earth a statue of Cardinal Newman can deprive us of civil and religious liberty. But once let loose the dogs of religious dispute, and you are sure to be deafened by irrational clamour before the real merits of the case can be discerned. In the present instance it was unfortunate that the Memorial Committee should have chosen Oxford at all. In London they might have found a convenient site without reproach. They might even have invoked the aid of the County Council without exposing that body to any charge more ridiculous than the odium which is already heaped upon it. Probably it would have been discovered by some Conservative sage that the Progressives were bent upon the restoration of Ultramontaniam, and this would have been connected by the usual logic with an increase of the rates. But, on the whole, a statue of Newman in London might have escaped anything worse than the beautifying dews for which our metropolitan atmosphere is famous. The cosmetics of a climate which has no appreciation of statuary might have speedily brought the Cardinal's effigy to the complexion to which every London statue must come at last. But public opinion would not have been rent by theological passion, and no heed would have been paid to any stray iconoclast who argued that our open Bible would be shut by the addition of a Roman Cardinal to the sooty images which cast a classic gloom on many of our thoroughfares.

Quite as blameless would have been the choice of Birmingham, which is rich in Newman's associations, and where the political kinship of the Duke of Norfolk with Mr. Chamberlain might have induced that potentate to unveil the statue, and to make some impressive remarks about the superiority of English Catholics to the "uncivilised" Papists of Ireland who trouble the dreams of the Prime Minister. But having, with dubious propriety, chosen Oxford, the Committee fell into the error of endeavouring to identify the city in its corporate capacity with the subscribers to the memorial. It would be manifestly fitting enough to erect a statue of Newman within the precincts of his old college of Trinity. There it would have no aggressively ecclesiastical meaning, even to the sensitive soul of Councillor Underhill. It would simply be the memorial of a great collegian, whose noble character and splendid gifts might speak to the wayward undergraduate with the

persuasiveness of perpetual marble. But what could have possessed Lord Halifax to imagine that Broad Street, of all places in Oxford, was the most appropriate site? To set up a monument of Newman within a few yards of the memorial of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, would be rather too strong an assumption that the embers of bigotry are quite cold. There may come a time, incalculably remote, when the trophies of the mighty dead will be criticised on grounds happily free from theological odium. But in our present imperfect state it is a little too much to expect a city steeped like Oxford in the memories of religious strife to erect her first statue to a man who represents traditions which are still too sinister to be covered by the blessed mantle of time. Even three centuries after the martyrdom of the Protestant bishops it would savour of irony to give their monument a neighbour in the person of a Cardinal of the communion which used their bodies for the beacon-fires of intolerance. The Oxford Town Council has exercised a sound judgment in declining to put this strain upon the public spirit of the citizens, though the question of some other site in the city is left open. A statue of Newman in Broad Street would proclaim to all the world that this was the man above all men whom Oxford delighted to honour. There is a certain moral exaggeration, it may be, in most monuments; hyperbole finds its expression in sculpture as well as in epitaphs. But such a tribute from Oxford to Newman would be so grossly out of proportion to the real relations between them that the advocates of the rejected site must be conscious by this time that they have overshot the mark. They have unfortunately roused a spirit which it is the aim of every liberal mind to subdue, and one of the main objects of a national education to extinguish. But their error can be at least partially retrieved by the selection of a spot where the statue of a great Englishman can stand, as the Rector of Exeter College has admirably said, amidst general approval and goodwill. Religious toleration in this country is not so hardy a plant that it can be subjected with impunity to the rudest stress of weather. It must be sedulously cultivated not only by a bold stand against narrow prejudice, but by the exercise of delicate tact. Let us offer our homage, by all means, to a great intellect and a lofty soul, even though they were employed for ends which the majority of Englishmen can never accept. But to demand this homage from a particular community which regarded the Cardinal in his life-time as a seceder from the truth, and which still lives amidst echoes of the conflict that was provoked by his historic breach with the Church of his early devotion, is an act of grave imprudence. There are cities in which one statue more or less would not greatly disturb the public equanimity, but in Oxford stones have a significance and even a speech which possess the vivid force of history, and to some perfervid minds of prophecy too.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE decision of the majority of the new London School Board to stop the erection of swimming-baths is a very timely example of the old and as yet unexorcised spirit of London government. As yet the School Board has no swimming-baths; it has only proposed to erect them. The new Board has promptly countermanded the order to the Works Committee, and has placed on formal record its determination to run London education on the cheap. The stopping resolution was moved by a clergyman of the Established Church, some of whose most ardent defenders seem determined, now as often

heretofore, to give the Liberationists every possible opening for attack upon her, but its importance is not confined to its educational aspect. It offers a useful illustration of the rival methods of administration which are in direct issue in the County Council Election. The Duke of Westminster's clients were too clever to say directly that they denied a swimming-bath to 20,000 children in one of the poorest and most crowded districts in London because they thought it was too good for them. The pretence was that the local authorities ought to do the work. Of course, it was a mere pretence. Swimming is a code subject, allowed by Sir William Hart Dyke and a generally conservative Education Department, and on any proper view of education it is an obvious part of the training of working boys, who may become sailors, fishermen, workers in the vast shipping industries of the ports of London, or on the inland waterways. It is therefore emphatically the business of the Board and not of this or that vestry to provide it. The provision of baths and washhouses is, it is true, left to the local authorities, who, in the large majority of London parishes, are too timid and unenterprising to carry it out. But this does not cover the object the School Board had in view, which was the provision of an essential part of physical education. Even if it did, we have an example in the administration of the few baths and washhouses existing of the wisdom of acting, as a rule, from a central authority. London is *par excellence* the grimy city of the civilised world, and it is of course in the poorest neighbourhoods, where the dirtiest trades prevail, and where hundreds of families are restricted to a single room, that the need for public washing is so startlingly apparent. But the poor vestries will not move, for fear of the ratepayer, and there is no collective charge for the cleanliness which ancient Rome, where Emperor and common people shared the public *balnea*, secured as part of her municipal life. The reactionaries on the School Board are therefore safe in handing over the Southwark children to the parish authorities.

A better case for the expansion of our municipal revenue could not be adduced, and a clear debt is due to the Duke of Westminster and other ground landlords who have put before the people of London the only terms on which the growth of their collective life can be ensured. But mark the circumspection of the anti-reform campaigners. The County Council is now being attacked for neglecting its administrative business in order to constitute itself an advising body on questions of local taxation. The attack is amply parried by the undeniable fact that in every single department of administration the County Council has incomparably bettered the record of its predecessor. So far as London can be governed well on slender and inelastic resources (half the rate of nearly 1s. in the £ for which the Council is responsible goes in payment of interest on the old extravagantly compiled debt of the Metropolitan Board) it has been superlatively well ruled. But the result has been obtained at the cost of postponing useful street improvements, of finding new arteries for the thick-flowing stream of industrial life which pours out through its obstructed channels, of leaving all but the fringe of the housing question, and of continuing the crushing tribute to private monopolies. The Council has been compelled to act as the thrifty steward of an embarrassed estate, and it has proceeded with commendable prudence. But none the less it is vital to London to insist that there shall be brought into its common fund the property which is its peculiar right, for it arises and grows as the product of the general enterprise of its citizens.

We doubt, therefore, whether in the whole history

of politics a more impudently scandalous attempt was ever made than that of a few rich men, mostly ground landlords and their hired servants—the instruments of a system as oppressive as was ever devised in the interests of idleness against industry—to stay the entire progress of municipal reform, and to throw London back to vestrydom, for no other reason than to save their own pockets. The Huns of the West End, who have descended on the East in order to keep it poor, miserable, badly housed, badly fed, and badly lighted, to scant its children's meagre education, and to depress their physical as well as their moral and intellectual standard, must surely have reckoned without the renaissance of public spirit which the exemplary record of London's first Parliament has aroused. We welcome therefore the promised action of the Nonconformist Council in the forthcoming elections. It is quite possible to make London a true *civitas Dei*, if the men who preach to it Sunday by Sunday will, from every Dissenting pulpit, proclaim to their congregations that the social salvation of the great city lies in their hands. It will not be enough to acclaim the Council for what it has done; its Progressive majority must be sent back to power with a mandate to Mr. Ritchie for the immediate enlargement of London's corporate life and of the resources by which it is sustained.

THE PORTUGUESE DEBT COMPROMISE.

JUST a week ago to-day the new Portuguese Minister of Finance explained in the Cortes the measures proposed by his Government for restoring order in the finances. The explanation appears to have been fairly well received at first, but the more it has been considered the less it is liked, and now in Portugal itself as well as abroad the feeling is becoming general that very great changes will have to be made in the scheme. And we think that there is exceedingly good ground for the change of opinion. At the present time the debt of Portugal amounts very nearly to £150,000,000 sterling, and the rate of interest, generally speaking, is 3 per cent. Thus the annual charge for the debt amounts, in round figures, to about £4,500,000 sterling. We have pointed out again and again in this journal that the country is not able to defray such a charge, and that in fact it has paid the interest for many years past only by constant borrowing abroad. Now the credit of the country has broken down borrowing has become impossible; nearly everything that could be sold, except the colonies, has been disposed of, and the new Ministry is compelled to acknowledge that the country cannot bear the burden it has taken upon itself. Therefore the new Finance Minister proposes to impose an income-tax of 30 per cent. upon the holders of internal bonds as well as upon the foreign bondholders whose interest is paid in Portugal. But the bondholders, internal as well as external, will be allowed to free themselves from this tax if they accept the compromise offered to the foreign bondholders. That compromise is in an alternative form: either the bondholders may agree to take bonds for half the nominal value of their existing bonds, or they may refuse to reduce the capital of the debt, and may accept half the present rate of interest. The interest in every case is to be paid in gold, and a portion of the taxes is to be set aside to give assurance to the bondholders that the compromise will be conscientiously carried out. At the same time, the Minister proposes to cut down the public salaries from 5 per cent. to 20 per cent., according to the amount of the salary; to

increase the supplementary tax of 6 per cent. which is now added to all existing imposts by from 10 to 20 per cent.; and, as already stated, to levy an internal income-tax on bondholders of 30 per cent. Now, it is clear that these proposals for increasing the revenue are quite insufficient, and in a great degree illusory. A reduction of salaries cannot be expected to yield very much; and the plan of simply raising all existing taxes from 10 to 20 per cent. is unscientific and very objectionable. What is wanted is a judicious reform of the existing fiscal system, not a mere raising all round of bad taxes. But perhaps the most objectionable proposal of all—looked at from the point of view of the foreign bondholder—is that for imposing an income-tax of only 30 per cent. upon the internal bondholders. The internal bondholders ought clearly not to be treated better than the foreign. But if the internal bondholders are to be paid in gold, then a tax of 30 per cent. is a favour to them when the foreign bondholders are asked to submit to a reduction of their interest of 50 per cent. It may be, of course, that the internal bondholders are to be paid either in silver or in paper. If so, that would alter the matter. But in any case it would seem better to treat all bondholders exactly alike.

Coming now to the offer made to the foreign bondholders, it seems to us that some evidence ought to be afforded to them that Portugal cannot pay more than half the interest which it has contracted to pay. It is quite possible that the fact is so. Personally, we are inclined to think that it is. But it is undoubtedly hard upon the bondholders to ask them to take the word of the Government without any kind of proof being offered that the country cannot do more to fulfil its engagements. Furthermore, it seems not unreasonable that the bondholders should ask that the reduction of interest should not be permanent—we take for granted that the bondholders will not agree to a reduction in the capital of the debt; that would be a mistake from every point of view. In the first place, if the debt of Portugal were now to be reduced by one-half, it is reasonably certain that as soon as the credit of the country begins to improve and the great financial houses of Europe are ready once more to bring out loans and companies, Portugal will borrow again. With a debt of, let us say, £75,000,000 sterling, it will seem that she is in a position to pay more interest than will then be chargeable, and thus the existing bondholders will submit to sacrifices now only to see the debt grow by-and-by possibly to its present excessive amount, and therefore to find that they will once more be threatened with a proposal to make fresh sacrifices. Were it only for this reason we think the bondholders will be well advised to refuse even to listen to the proposal for a reduction of the capital of the debt. But of course they must accept a reduction of the interest. Beyond all question Portugal cannot pay £4,500,000 sterling every year, and if she cannot, it would be folly on the part of the bondholders to insist that she must. As already said, we think that the Portuguese Government ought to produce some kind of evidence to satisfy the bondholders that they must accept only half the present interest. But assuming that that point is made clear, the bondholders as reasonable men will agree to the necessary sacrifice. On the other hand, if they take half the interest which according to contract they are entitled to, it seems only fair that Portugal on her side should undertake to increase the rate of interest once more as soon as she is in a position to do so. The bondholders ought not to try to drive a hard bargain.

Even for their own sakes that would be unwise. It would compel the Portuguese Government in its anxiety to maintain the credit of the country to promise to do more than in fact it can do, and thus would bring about a state of things very soon nearly as bad as now exists. And as humane men the bondholders will bear in mind that if they exact too great sacrifices from the Portuguese taxpayers they will simply plunge the country into serious distress. Therefore, from every point of view, it will be wise on the part of the bondholders to do what is really necessary to enable the Portuguese Government to restore order in the finances. But when the bondholders give clear proof that they are ready to make every reasonable sacrifice, they may fairly ask in return, we think, that as soon as the country recovers prosperity it will increase somewhat the rate of interest payable.

To make the compromise more palatable to the foreign bondholders, the Minister of Finance stated that the Government would guarantee the payment of the reduced interest in gold. But the bondholders are hardly likely to attach very much importance to that. The word "guarantee" sounds very well; but we would ask, What is the value of a guarantee from an insolvent Government at the very time that it is proposing to reduce the annual debt charge by one half? The bondholders must not be misled by words. What they have seriously to consider is, firstly, the ability of Portugal to pay in the future what she now undertakes to pay. If they exact too much, no guarantee will avail; if they exact only what is reasonable, we do not doubt that every Portuguese Government will be eager to maintain the credit of the State. The second thing the bondholders will have to consider seriously is the amount of the taxes which it is proposed to hand over to them for ensuring the regular payment of the interest. If these taxes are enough for the purpose, then no guarantee is necessary; all that is required is that the Government shall conscientiously fulfil its new engagements. Thirdly, the bondholders will have to consider who is to have control of these new taxes. Are they to be paid into a separate account as soon as they are collected, and are representatives of the bondholders to be in a position to prevent any tampering with these funds once they are paid in? If not, if the Government is not merely to collect the taxes but is to have full control over them until the time for paying the coupons comes round, then the arrangement has as little value as the proposed guarantee. On the other hand, if the taxes are paid into a separate account as soon as they are collected, and cannot be used for any other purpose but paying the bondholders, that clearly is a valid guarantee. In conclusion, we would advise the bondholders to meet the Portuguese Government in a friendly spirit, to bear in mind that they will injure themselves if they insist upon too much, and that, upon the other hand, they will improve their own position if they improve the credit of Portugal. But while they show themselves ready to make every reasonable sacrifice, they ought, at the same time, to insist that the compromise shall be such that it will promise to prove sufficient for the purpose, and final.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week has seen the inauguration of the two rival systems of regulation which for the next few years will control the commercial intercourse of the States of Continental Europe. Central Europe is now under a set of elaborate arrangements, based essentially, it is true, on Protectionist ideas, but at any rate devised to facilitate international trade in

certain products, and guaranteed a duration of twelve years. France, on the other hand, is all but isolated—so far, at least, as her fiscal system can effect it—and such arrangements as exist with other Continental countries are of the most unstable kind. With only one country—Sweden—has she yet been able to conclude a permanent convention. Even that is only certain to last for twelve months. With Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium the existing arrangement—that is to say, the application to the products of those countries of the French minimum tariff in return for certain concessions on the part of each of them as regards French goods—may be altered at any moment. With Germany, thanks to the Treaty of Frankfort—the product, as a Geneva paper ironically reminds her, of the war of 1871—she is still secured a considerable amount of commercial intercourse. But her negotiations with Spain are at a standstill, and the two nations are doing their best, with the aid of maximum tariffs, to exclude each other's products from their markets. With Italy and with Portugal her relations are similar. With Greece she has concluded an arrangement to last only until July 31st. No French manufacturer in any of the trades affected can at present say with confidence whether it will be worth his while producing for the Continental markets some five or six months hence. Thus does France further her own industries. It is noticeable that French Protectionists now treat the tariff less as a means of protection against foreign imports than as a method of securing concessions from other countries with regard to the admission of certain French exports. The French public are being assured by Protectionist organs that the negotiations with Spain will be resumed presently, that the duties which affect the import of Spanish wines are really meant to keep out "German alcohols," and that by-and-by arrangements will be concluded and concessions secured. At present, the prospect of all this is anything but hopeful. And as the Customs officers of France have hastily to master 150 pages of tariff and 126 of minute instructions, their lot at present is not a happy one.

The change of system has of course been marked by a few notable incidents. The frontier stations of France, especially towards Spain, have been crammed with goods trains, which it was desired should pass the frontier before the new *régime* should come into operation. At one station (Cerbère) there were at one time a thousand waggons, and eight hundred more were waiting at neighbouring stations on the French side. All passed in good time. "Acres of barrels" of Spanish wine were lying about at a French frontier station. A train loaded with rolling-stock for a new Spanish narrow-gauge line—on which 18,000 francs duty would have been due had it arrived late—passed into Spain just in time, amid the cheers of the spectators. Sixty vessels were in the port of Cette on Monday waiting to discharge. Some Spanish ports, too, were crowded, and there were some exciting races against time.

The Franco-Bulgarian incident has been partially reopened by a note from M. Ribot declining to recognise that the affair involved a question of principle. But this will hardly have serious consequences.

On Tuesday the Belgian Premier announced in the Chamber the scheme of Constitutional revision proposed by the Government. There is to be an occupation franchise, somewhat on the English plan; disputed elections, as in England, are to be dealt with by the Courts, and not by the Chamber; there is to be a redistribution of seats; the Referendum may be substituted for the Royal power of veto (as proposed by M. de Laveleye); the State is to have power to acquire colonies; all male members of the Royal Family are to sit in the Senate, and, should male heirs to the Crown fail, the King is to have power to designate his successor. Though each proposition is to be voted on separately, all are to be discussed together. The present Chamber, however, is only to specify the

Articles to be revised. The Bill is to be referred to a Committee while the Budget is under discussion, and then not to be dealt with until the General Election, which will take place about the end of May. The question, in fact, is again postponed, though only for a week or two. It is clear, from the utterances of prominent politicians in the debate and elsewhere, that both parties are much divided as to the franchise proposals, which are the most important part of the scheme. The proposal to allow the King to submit a law passed by the Chambers to a popular vote seems condemned alike by Clericals, Liberals, and Socialists. Universal suffrage, insisted on by the Labour party, has a few Clerical partisans, and is not uniformly supported by the Liberals. The Socialists have resolved that during the debate their committee shall sit daily and organise demonstrations, and that there shall be one grand demonstration of a very imposing kind. Judging by the past conduct of the Government, this will lead to bloodshed. The police, it is said, were prepared for a disturbance in the streets on Tuesday, but nothing happened.

The Prussian Elementary Education Bill was read a first time on Saturday, and referred to a Committee representing all parties. The Ministerial crisis, therefore, is postponed for three weeks or so. On Friday, after a strong speech against the Bill from Professor Virchow, Count von Caprivi delivered a violent harangue, treating the issue as one between Christianity and Atheism. This was received with strong protests by the Liberals and National Liberals. On Saturday his tone was more conciliatory, and met with some response from the latter. Herr von Miquel has not yet resigned the Ministry of Finance, nor Herr von Bennigsen, the National Liberal leader, his Presidency of Hanover, and the Liberals proper are beginning to doubt whether their coalition with the National Liberals will take place after all. Of course the Bill is mainly inspired by the Emperor—to some extent as a weapon against Social Democracy, and partly as a concession to the Catholic Centre.

Much has been made this week by the English press of a confidential circular dealing with the outrageous cruelties practised by non-commissioned officers on privates in the Saxon army, issued by Prince George of Saxony, as commander of an army corps, to his subordinate officers, and published by a Socialist paper. In the Prussian army such cruelties are an old story. A book giving the experiences of a private, published last year, contained a number of instances, and others are occasionally mentioned in German newspapers. Striking and kicking privates (often in a manner which sends them into hospital) we believe to be common enough. But the instances referred to in the circular involve grosser and more elaborate cruelty than usual. Such are the amenities of life in the model army of the world!

It is difficult to say exactly how much ground the Hungarian Government has lost in the General Election. It still commands a majority of about three-fifths of the Chamber, but it dissolved Parliament because obstruction was rampant, and it has lost at least fourteen—probably twenty-three—seats to the Obstructionists. The Radicals, the "Nationalists" led by Count Apponyi, and the "Irreconcilables" led by M. Ugron, together make up the Opposition. All of them, however, will support a greater measure of Home Rule for Hungary, with a separate army and separate foreign embassies. They desire, indeed, that the only link with Austria shall be the Imperial Crown. The conflict has been very bitter. Serious rioting has taken place, attended in at least three cases with loss of life, and detailed accounts have been published by Opposition papers of the sums spent by the Government in electoral corruption, which one report gives at two million florins. Of course, all this has been officially contradicted.

In Bohemia also the Nationalist cause has received a fresh accession of strength. Two years ago a compromise was arranged between the German

and Czech parties in the Bohemian Landtag, involving among other provisions the distinction of German and Czech districts—that is, districts in which German or Czech respectively should be the official language. The delimitation of these districts is now in progress, but the representatives of the landowning nobility in the Landtag (or, according to the German party, a “fraction” of them) are anxious to postpone the question until the scheme can be discussed as a whole. This delay is entirely in accordance with the wishes of the Young Czechs, who repudiate the compromise altogether. Under the circumstances, Herr von Plener, leader of the German (and centralising) Liberals in the Reichsrath, has decided not to accept the judicial preferment recently offered to him, but to remain in political life.

In Italy a Bill has just been introduced by the Government to prevent the dispersion of the great galleries of the various princely families. Suspicion having been aroused by the conduct of Prince Sciarra in excluding from his gallery not only the public, but the emissaries of the Minister of Public Instruction, that functionary sequestered the pictures—the gallery having originally been formed under a special patent from the Pope, which puts its possessor for the time being in the position of a trustee. Ten of the most valuable pictures are missing. Pending the discussion of the Bill, special vigilance is to be exercised on the frontiers and in the neighbourhood of certain galleries. The alleged slackness of the Minister of Public Instruction, both in this matter and in the recent University disturbances at Turin and Naples, may lead to his resignation.

A somewhat threatening demonstration of unemployed in Rome was dispersed by the police on Monday.

We deal elsewhere with the crisis in Portugal.

Fresh trouble has arisen between Servia and Bulgaria. The latter has demanded the extradition of certain political refugees—in particular M. Rizoff, who was concerned in the Panitza plot. The Servian Government has very naturally declined, but has undertaken to confine M. Rizoff in a fortress. Whether it has yet done so is not clear.

The retirement is announced of the Russian Minister of Railways, M. Hübbenet, partly in consequence of a certain overlapping of his department by that of the Minister of Finance, chiefly because of the block of grain traffic on the railways. M. Durnovo, Minister of the Interior, is also expected to retire. The famine news is as bad as ever.

The Chilean difficulty has considerably intensified the antagonism between Mr. Blaine and President Harrison.

THE SECRET OF MR. SPURGEON.

IT is not a common chance which has robbed the two great branches of English Nonconformity—the Catholic and the Puritan—of their two most eminent men within a few days. The tributes which have been paid to Mr. Spurgeon by the press of all sections of opinion have been so generous as well as just that they leave little to be said by those who held him in special regard. His was a great and striking individuality, and he had impressed it upon the imaginations of his fellow-countrymen as no other ecclesiastic of his time succeeded in doing. Not even Cardinal Manning had gained the place in common English speech, in the ideas and the hearts of his contemporaries, which was held by Mr. Spurgeon. And this place he secured, it should be remembered, not by the aid of any extraneous circumstances, not by the imposing picturesqueness of great rank in a splendid hierarchy, and still less by playing a prominent part in connection with our social or political movements, but solely in virtue of his merits and qualities as a minister of the Church to which he belonged. Mr. Spurgeon was “the pastor of the Tabernacle” and the chief of the

organisation which he had gradually built up around that place of worship. That was all. He took no part in the life of “society”; was never seen at West End dinner-tables; never attended political meetings; scrupulously refrained from frequenting the Lobby of the House of Commons; bore no title—eschewing even that of “reverend”—and died, as he had lived, a simple Dissenting Minister, such as the silliest curate of the High Church party thinks himself entitled to hold in contempt. Yet his death is universally regarded as a loss to the nation at large, and the newspapers of every party and sect vie with each other in paying honour to his memory.

What was the secret of this great man's success in life? How comes it that in death the all but unlettered preacher takes rank beside, if not before, the illustrious prince of the Church of Rome who was carried to his grave by his sorrowing friends two weeks ago? It is not an easy matter to answer these questions, and yet the attempt to do so is well worth making. Unquestionably the foundation of Mr. Spurgeon's success was his wonderful gift as a preacher. We said some months ago, when he was lying very ill, that among the natural orators of this generation he stood next to Mr. Bright. We see now that some are inclined to belittle his oratorical powers. It can only be because they have not themselves been “under the wand of the magician.” No one who has will question the fact that Mr. Spurgeon was endowed with gifts as an orator such as hardly any other man of his time possessed. Of course his eloquence was not like that of Mr. Gladstone or Canon Liddon, for example. It even differed in certain essentials from that of Mr. Bright, which, on the whole, it most nearly resembled. But of its own kind there was nothing to equal it in the pulpit of any church in the land. If the preacher at the Tabernacle never essayed “the poet's star-crowned harp to sweep,” if he scrupulously avoided the ornate flights of eloquence which are so dear to most orators, he never failed to make his admirable prose sink even into the most unwilling ears. Many men went to the Tabernacle, especially in its early days, prepared to scoff. Few came away without owning that they had listened to a man who had literally compelled them to attend to all he said, and whose bright, simple, picturesque, and always forcible utterances were pitched in a key which attuned itself to every ear, and found entrance to every heart.

But other Churches have had preachers of an eloquence hardly inferior to that of Mr. Spurgeon. How comes it that they never won the hearts of the people of Great Britain as he did? Canon Liddon, whose name occurs so naturally when we speak of pulpit eloquence; Bishop Alexander, Archbishop Magee, and many others, might fairly have competed, so far as mere gifts of speech were concerned, with the pastor of the Tabernacle. Yet not one of them held his place in English life, or anything approaching to it. We mean no disrespect to these eminent men when we say that Mr. Spurgeon's triumph, his unrivalled success in holding the hearts of so large a body of his fellow-countrymen, was distinctly a triumph of character. It was not merely because of his pulpit eloquence, it was certainly not because of any intellectual superiority to his fellow-teachers and preachers, that he was trusted and esteemed so much above them all. It was because the great British public had arrived at the conviction that he was absolutely sincere, simple, unpretending, and straightforward. Great preachers and leaders in other Churches, such as those of Rome and England, have at times laid themselves open to the suspicion that their loyalty to their Church was higher than their loyalty to their own consciences. Incapable of acting unfairly towards an opponent for any personal reason, they were still believed to be capable of such unfairness in the interests of the great ecclesiastical organisations to which they belonged. Mr. Spurgeon, from first to last, was

never suspected of this at all events: and when in the fulness of time he had to choose between what he held to be the truth and continued association with the Baptist Union, he did not hesitate to sacrifice the latter. There have been preachers of rare gifts in the Free Churches of England and Scotland who could command crowded congregations whenever they appeared, who had a large and devoted following of admirers, but who could never touch or reach the larger public because of a certain suspicion of charlatanism or self-seeking attaching to them. For thirty years past Mr. Spurgeon has been as free from the faintest suggestion of such a suspicion as it was possible for any human being to be: and men everywhere have known that it was his Master, not himself, on whose service he was bent.

In this triumph of personal character, and in one other feature of his life's-work, we may read the secret of his astonishing success. That other feature was the stern fidelity he showed from first to last to the Puritan creed of his forefathers. In this, as in everything else, his motto was "Thorough!" With him, at least, there was no tampering with modern doubts, modern speculations, new discoveries in science, the higher criticism. Never for a moment did he waver in his conviction that the truth he had learned as a boy was everything. The world, sweeping onwards, finds the stars which shone of old with so clear and steady a lustre changing their place in the firmament and growing dim with the growing years, whilst new stars spring into view and draw to themselves the wondering gaze of the multitude. For Mr. Spurgeon, as for all of us, new stars might spring into being; but to his mind they could have only one purpose, one mission—the renewing and extending of the glory of the Sun of his worship. It is something in a faithless age, or, in what is still worse, an indifferent and invertebrate age, to meet with one whose faith can withstand every assault, whose trust would remain unshaken if all the world were to turn against him. And the creed to which Mr. Spurgeon clung with this ardent love and confidence was the creed which the great mass of the English people had been taught from their cradles upwards. Is it wonderful that when the old Puritanism was preached, not merely with such eloquence, but with such genuine fervour of conviction, the preacher should have rallied round himself thousands and scores of thousands who found in him the very champion and leader for whom they had long been hoping and praying? Narrow-minded, bigoted, erude, ignorant—all these terms of reproach were flung in turn at Mr. Spurgeon, and they hurt him no more than did the passing breeze. Nor can those who knew him and who knew his preaching forget that, despite the stern fidelity which he showed to a creed that is no longer that of the world, he had a heart filled with love for his fellow-creatures, with compassion for the sinner, with the burning desire that when the end of all things had come, and the Great Account was closed, no human soul which had found itself moved by the Divine Spirit might fail of salvation. And with it all he was no priest. Never once were the sympathies of a priest-hating people ruffled by the slightest assumption of spiritual authority on the part of their teacher. He was a plain man like themselves, with no pretension to ecclesiastical or priestly powers, satisfied to be the minister and servant of the Lord he loved.

It was thus that the good man we mourn to-day drew to himself not merely the admiration but the confidence and affection of a body of men and women whose numbers cannot be counted, but who are to be found in every corner of the world in which the English tongue is spoken. And whilst to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures he ministered in his own way, week by week, in all spiritual truths, he exercised an influence over those who had little sympathy with his creed which can hardly be calculated and which was wholly for good. For the moment his loss seems well-nigh

irreparable, not to his congregation only, but to London and his country. It is even a heavier blow to English Protestantism than was the loss of Cardinal Manning to Roman Catholicism. And here may we not ask how it is that, in all the Church of England, there is no man who can compare in position, in influence, or in the extent of his hold upon the hearts of his fellow-men with the two great Nonconformists whom we have just named?

A FRENCH REPUBLICAN'S VIEW OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF PRUSSIA.

THE most striking feature of the history of Europe in the nineteenth century is the formation of the German Empire. Differing in its conception of the State and in its military and administrative system from the Holy Roman Empire as utterly as modern Europe differs from mediæval Europe, the German Empire of to-day acknowledges the hegemony, and almost the sway, of Prussia, and rests its prestige on the defeat of France in 1870-71. The services rendered by the modern school of German historians in bringing about the unity of Germany have not yet been fully recognised in England. History is, of all sciences, the one which should be most warmly encouraged by far-seeing statesmen, for it vivifies patriotism, and by recalling the memories, whether proud or sad, of a nation's past, encourages the living generation to be worthy of its mighty ancestors, or points the warning of preceding failures. But if patriotism is encouraged and fostered by the study of history, it reacts also upon the historian. However fair he may endeavour to be, however strongly he may strive against partiality and resent the imputation of being biassed, an historian must be affected by the sense of his own nationality. And this has been the case with modern historians in Germany. They have, almost unconsciously in some cases, studied the past history of Prussia in the light of her modern greatness, and have exaggerated the purport of many stages in her development. This bias must be discounted in reading the works of the modern German historians, just as the particular bias of an ambassador or a diarist must be discounted in reading despatches or diaries.

But if the modern German school of historians have investigated with most particular care the growth of Prussia, the modern French historians have rivalled their efforts in endeavouring to solve the problems presented by her gigantic development. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, and the Frenchmen of the present day have naturally wondered at the growth of the colossus which overthrew their country in 1870-71, and been eager to see what lessons they could learn. M. Lavissee in his "Études sur l'histoire de Prusse" led the way, and he has followed up that remarkable work in the present year by the publication of his able and thoughtful "Jeunesse du Grand Frédéric." M. Lavissee, however, has studied Prussian history as an independent inquirer, not as a critic of his German predecessors. It is otherwise with another brilliant French historian of the new school, who bears a name famous in the annals of Republican France. M. Godefroy Cavaignac has set before himself the task of traversing the received Prussian theories, and in his "Formation de la Prusse Contemporaine" endeavours to rectify some of the errors into which German historians have been led by excess of patriotism. Just as it is necessary to discount the patriotic bias of Droysen and Sybel, so full allowance must be made for the enthusiastic devotion of M. Cavaignac to the cause of the French Revolution, and it must be recollected that he is the son of the Republican competitor of Louis Napoleon for the Presidency of the second French Republic, and the grandson of one of the most conspicuous members of the French Convention.

It is a truism among students of the condition of

the people of Europe in the last century that the French Revolution was caused by the existence in France of the most prosperous and best educated peasantry, and of the wealthiest and most enlightened middle class, to be found on the Continent. Yet the contrary idea has been so persistently forced upon the minds of the English public, whose knowledge of the French Revolution is mainly derived from Carlyle's "History" and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," that this important truth is not fairly grasped even by intelligent and well-educated persons. Yet the fact remains. The peasant of France, with his occasional *corvée* or day of forced labour, his irregularly levied and therefore exasperating, but not heavy, quit-rent, and with his good village school, was a far more prosperous and intelligent person than the Prussian and Hungarian peasant, weighed down by *corvées* of five and sometimes six days a week, and totally uneducated.

The few serfs in France, who were to be found only upon the estates of the abbey of Sainte-Claude in the Jura, at the opening of the Revolution in 1789, were indeed *adscripti glebae*, but were far removed from the condition of personal slavery. In the eastern territories of Prussia—that is, in Prussia proper, the Mark of Brandenburg, and in Silesia, which contained four-fifths of the population of the kingdom—nearly the entire mass of the rural population was plunged in a condition of servitude which finds its only parallel in negro slavery in the West Indies and in America. The unhappy Prussian serfs were not only obliged to labour for their lords nearly every day of the week, so that they could only plough their little plots by the light of the moon, but they were not permitted to marry without his permission, they were not allowed to leave their homes or learn any trade without his leave, and their children had to serve in the lord's domestic service for a certain number of years without pay. In France the prosperous condition of the peasantry had given rise to a standard of comfort which caused the growth of a middle class, at first of shopkeepers, and later of merchants and manufacturers. This class grew wealthy, and with wealth came education, so that an educated middle class stood ready in 1789 to initiate and insist upon reform. The antiquated framework of the French monarchy, with its rotten administrative system and iniquitous fiscal policy, which maintained to the nobility an exemption from direct taxation, was ready to fall in 1789, and crumbled away almost at the first touch. In Germany, and especially in eastern Germany—that is, in Prussia—the peasantry were too poor and too barbarous to give rise to trade or manufactures: what middle class existed was small in numbers and poor in quality compared with that in France; and the enlightened men who did exist in the middle class were occupied in investigating philosophical and æsthetic problems, not projects of political reform. Nothing is more certain than that the average Frenchman was in a superior position to the average German in the last century, materially, morally, and intellectually. Nothing is more absolutely proved than that the condition of the peasantry steadily got worse from the west to the east of Europe. The peasant of Alsace and Lorraine was a poorer and more ill-educated man than the peasant of the west and centre of France: the serf of the Rhine provinces was better off than the serf of central Germany; but the serf of eastern Germany, of Prussia proper, of Poland and of Silesia, was in the most wretched condition of all, and was only exceeded in misery, if he was exceeded, by the unhappy slaves of the Magyar nobility in Hungary. The French Revolution took place because the French peasant was the happiest, most prosperous, and best educated upon the Continent. This is a truism to all students of the condition of the people in the last century, but those to whom it comes as a novelty will find it amply justified by a perusal of the third chapter of M. Godefroy Cavaignac's book,

which is garnished with numerous and trustworthy references to unimpeachable authorities.

This being the case, the Prussian historians of the new school are obliged to admit the evidence of facts, but they attenuate their force by laying weight on the measures for the reform, not the abolition, of serfdom, which were considered and even promulgated by Frederick the Great and his successor Frederick William II. No part of M. Godefroy Cavaignac's work is more valuable than his destructive criticism of this position. It would take too long to enter into details, but he shows conclusively that the contemplated measures of reform only affected the serfs on the royal domain, and that even there they were practically null and void. Such Prussian historians as admit this consideration go a step further, and assert that the great social reforms, including the abolition of serfdom, which mark the administration of Stein, were the result of natural evolution in Germany itself and would have come anyhow, even if there had been no French Revolution and no Napoleon. This is the particular position which M. Cavaignac—as a child of the Revolution in more than an ordinary sense—traverses lucidly and eloquently; it was to combat this particular attitude that he has spent years of laborious toil in collecting materials for his great work; it was to defend the French Revolution as one of the great epoch-making periods of the world's history, not as an episode in the history of one country, that his portly volume has been compiled. Whether he has been successful in proving his point must be left to each reader to decide; for, in the spirit of the modern school, M. Cavaignac gives his facts and his authorities, and, while drawing a conclusion in the affirmative himself, he states the case so fairly that he may be regarded, in spite of his declared bias, rather as a judge summing up than as a counsel pleading. For those who have not time to read his work, a general argument may be used. Which is the more probable, that the Prussian statesmen who brought about the great administrative, military, agrarian, and social reforms, which placed the Prussian peasant on a level with the French peasant, would have been either desirous or able to accomplish the transformation if there had been no French Revolution, or that they felt that the overpowering power of France, when gathered into the hand of Napoleon and spread over the Continent, was due in some way to the new principles, which had regenerated France, and which were therefore worthy of imitation? The patriotic German historians hold the former view; M. Godefroy Cavaignac the latter. The former assert that Germany, and more especially Prussia, developed from a mediæval to a modern state of society by its own volition; the latter that the change was due to the new standards of the sovereignty of the people and the liberty of the individual which the French revolutionary leaders had set up.

The length of this article prevents an examination of M. Cavaignac's attitude towards Stein, the great Prussian reformer. He does full honour to Stein's energy and patriotism and enlightenment; he describes his reforms with singular lucidity; but he holds that Stein was a social reformer *malgré lui*, owing to the influence of the French Revolution, and not of his own accord. There is also not space to show how the French Republican writer accounts for the supremacy of Prussia in modern Germany and the great part she has played of recent years in securing the unity of the Vaterland. But he admits the extraordinary attraction Prussia has exercised over the strongest administrative natures, if not the highest intellectual minds, in Germany. The causes of this attraction might make the subject of an interesting essay, but the fact remains. Goethe and Schiller were not Prussians and never wanted to be, but the conduct of Moltke, a Mecklenburger by birth and a Danish officer, has many parallels in the history of Prussia in her critical epoch. Stein was a Knight of the Empire and a native of Nassau, Hardenberg was a Hanoverian, Gneisenau and

Scharnhorst were Saxons, Blücher and York were Mecklenburgers; yet these were the men who made modern Prussia. The truth is probably to be found in their belief that in serving Prussia they were serving Germany, and that in promoting Prussian greatness they were securing German unity.

VILLENEUVE BY AVIGNON.

VISITORS disappointed with the Palace of the Popes at Avignon—disappointed with the city they could not be—will find consolation at Villeneuve. This astonishing and delightful relic of the Middle Ages stands opposite to Avignon, on the other side of the Rhone, its walls and noble towers crowning a steep little hill. For a hundred years past, the renowned bridge of St. Bénézet has been broken down; but the four arches remaining are now classed as a *monument historique*, and they have been strengthened to last for ever. It occupies the place in French legend which London Bridge used to occupy in our own. Children still repeat the nursery song—

“ Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y passe.”

Daudet gives a marvellous description of its glory, after his poetic fashion, in “Lettres de mon Moulin.” It was worthy of fame indeed. If the people credit that St. Bénézet had a legion of angels at his command, *savants* who laugh can hardly explain how such a work was carried out by human skill, in the year 1177, to withstand the most dangerous river in Europe for eight hundred years. Four arches only remain; but upon the foundations of the second, below the level of the bridge that is, still stands the tiny chapel of St. Nicholas, built by the pontifex St. Bénézet to receive his corpse—a very curious example of architecture in the twelfth century, and well preserved. We cross nowadays on a suspension bridge. That part of Villeneuve where it debouches is modern, and charmingly pretty in the summer green, with villas and gardens covering the abrupt hillside. Turning to the right, however, the nineteenth century passes out of view, and a vague sense of the *Moyenâge* possesses one. Greenery and houses both vanish, masses of wall appear, so crumbling and rounded that they seem natural rock; great bare slabs of limestone trend down to the path. Then we reach the tower of Philippe le Bel, which is still the limit of the street. A grand object it is: why did not the Popes build in this style? When that most able of French monarchs established *Un pape à lui* in the Comtat, simultaneously he gave orders to raise a fortress which should keep his Pontiff under control. The bridge of St. Bénézet climbed the hill of Villeneuve to a certain height—for safety against floods—and at its very head Philippe built this fine tower. Not a mouse could cross the Rhone, as Pope Jean XXII. complained, without the King's permission—as if that was an argument! The outside is still perfect, and although the great chambers within were long used as a military prison, little damage has been done. We learn with interest that an enthusiastic Englishman pays visits every year, seeking the mouth of a subterranean passage which communicated with the Papal château beneath the Rhone. That such a passage exists—or more than one—the public is quite convinced, as usual. In this case it seems likely that the public is not mistaken, for the “Anti-Popes” had time and money enough to prepare a retreat, and some of them at least were shrewd enough to foresee that it might be necessary. After all, Benoit XII., the last of them, did actually vanish somehow when Marshal Boucicault had blocked every issue. Upon the other hand, it is unlikely he would emerge in the King's fortress of Villeneuve. However, the Monsieur Anglais is said to have found what he was seeking last year, and in his next visit he is expected to unearth “the

treasure.” Here is material for a romance. At the present time a dentist of Avignon rents this tower, spending Saturday to Monday therein. He has not thought it necessary to put in any furniture beyond a bed, a table, and a few chairs, which are old enough to be in keeping with the bare and spacious vault, if not actually mediæval. One feels that one would like to know that gentleman. On Sunday he entertains his friends, and we perceive that on the last occasion they drank St. Péray in festive profusion. When alone, he sits at the window—or rather embrasure—and meditates. This is all very well, but at night? It is rather gruesome to think of waking when the convent clock strikes twelve in that gaunt chamber. It has a significant black hole pierced in the thickness of the wall, which neither light nor air could penetrate when the door—long since broken up for firewood, no doubt—was closed. Tradition says that refractory or drunken men-at-arms were shut in there; or else some antiquarian visitor has imposed that comforting belief. Other fancies would rise to the mind probably, as one stared at the pitchy aperture by the glimmer of a night-light, conscious that no mortal lay within hearing: for the tower is unoccupied. There are great hooks and rings set into the wall here and there, which may have been innocent—but they look suggestive. Upon one of the broad stone seats, where knights and pages lounged through the weary hours, a chess-board is deeply cut. The lonely watcher would be fortunate if his visions centred in that object. Decidedly one would like to know the gentleman who loves to sleep here.

Leaving the Tower, we find ourselves in the main street of Villeneuve, and that is an experience to remember. It defies description, but we must make the essay. Upon the right hand stretches a massive rampart, which has lost two-thirds of its height, and forms a mound of stone, smooth and covered with flowers. Strange old buildings cluster in a line beneath it, scarcely changed since the Dark Ages. A few ancient women with kerchiefed heads sit at the doors. On the other side are shells of stately houses—palaces, rather. A grand *façade* still remains here and there, with carved doorways and window-frames. You look through, and behold heaps of ruin, grassy mounds, trees, beds of kitchen-herbs and salads. Elsewhere are cloisters, great halls roofless, tenanted by a donkey and a cart. All is stained, and foul, and sordid, but thrilling with the charm of mystery. Further on, in the centre of the little town, palaces grander still are yet habitable. You enter, to find them occupied by the lowest and poorest of the poor. Such are the scenes from end to end of Villeneuve, a fragment of the *Moyenâge* which has survived, shattered and defaced, to our times. It may be well to explain that these buildings, so numerous and once so magnificent, were raised by cardinals, ambassadors, noble and wealthy devotees, who abandoned them when the popes returned to Rome.

There are special sights, of course: the hospital, one of the very best specimens of domestic architecture in the fourteenth century that remains; the tremendous gateway of the Benedictine convent—itsself a narrow portal far withdrawn in the shadow of two round towers of which not a stone has fallen—the royal fortress seems almost flimsy beside these stupendous structures; churches, cloisters beyond counting, pictures, frescoes, tombs. In the hospital has been set up the lofty monument of Pope Innocent VI., vastly interesting to antiquarians, architects of the Gothic school, and all those lucky mortals who, by nature or training, can see beauty in the accumulation of endless detail. The same large class of persons will find a delightful collection of pictures there, all black with age, pious in subject, childishly and grotesquely hideous in every other point of view. We should imagine that these works of early French art, recovered from the ancient palaces, are as numerous as could be found in all the

rest of Europe. Among them, however, is one of some slight personal interest. Royal authors are desperately common, but a royal painter still commands notice. The hospital possesses a "Coronation of the Virgin" by King René, which holds its own for ugliness and silliness with the best. Its authenticity has been disputed, of course, but on no categorical grounds. King René painted pictures, and this, or Avignon opposite, is the very spot where one would be expected.

There is a work of art at Villeneuve, however, unnoticed in the guide books, rarely discovered by visitors, as we heard. This is the stateliest piece of furniture in its class that we, at least, have ever beheld. It stands in the Council Room of the Mairie—a *bahut* some eight feet high and as many wide, with four noble pillars in front, twisted like those in Raffaele's picture of the "Beautiful Gate," each nine inches in diameter. When the outer doors, of finest marqueterie, are thrown back, one sees a marvel indeed. The materials used are ivory, walnut, chestnut, and olive wood. A bold design of the ecclesiastic-architectural class frames a large and noble group of tulips in ivory standing in a vase upon a table. Below this runs a balustrade of red wood, showing between the interstices a pavement in ivory and black dalles, which make the foreground, enlarging in due perspective. Well may the authorities of the Musée Cluny demand year after year that such a grand work of art shall not be left in possession of a small and remote municipality, which does not even show it to the public. It was rescued in the sack of the Chartreuse. The man who thinks us too enthusiastic should go and see. That *bahut* alone is worth the journey to Avignon.

LE NOUVEAU JEU.

IT is a far cry from the austerities of Marcus Aurelius to the joyous devices of the *Vie Parisienne*. Yet they may both—in vastly different ways, to be sure—be found enforcing the same lesson. "On the occasion of everything which happens," said the sage, "keep this in mind: that it is that which thou hast often seen. Everywhere, up and down, thou wilt find the same things, with which the old histories are filled; with which cities and houses are filled now. There is nothing new: all things are both familiar and short-lived—familiar in experience, and ephemeral in time, and worthless in the matter. Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried." When the Emperor wrote this, he had probably just been vexed by one of those young men who are for ever going up and down, flaunting their "modernity," and seeking some new thing, *le nouveau jeu*. Such a man is young Paul Costard, the hero of "Le Nouveau Jeu," a novel in dialogue (Paris: Ernest Kolb), which M. Henri Lavedan has reprinted from the *Vie Parisienne*. There is a little too much of frank animalism in this Boulevard journal for our sober English taste, especially in its illustrations, which do somewhat too audaciously profane the mysteries of the Bona Dea—the more's the pity, for despite its open, its inexcessably and wantonly open, violations of good taste, there is real literary quality in this sheet, and many of the best wits in France have not disdained to contribute to it. It was in the *Vie Parisienne* that so grave and reverend a signior as M. Taine published his "Notes de M. Thomas Graindorge," that Ludovic Halévy first printed his "Madame Cardinal," Gustave Droz his "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé," and Paul Bourget his "Physiologie de l'amour moderne." One of its mainstays is the racy, fearless, brilliant "Gyp"; another is Henri Lavedan, a masculine "Gyp," and something more. For M. Lavedan, though he treats the same themes as the Countess de Martel, makes them his own by his peculiar talent for dialogue, for irony, for a certain

elegant pessimism. It is a mark, they say, of the true artist to be attracted to literary forms most beset with technical difficulties, restrictions, limitations, and of these forms the dialogue, when applied, as M. Lavedan applies it, to a whole novel, is certainly not the least exacting. Dramatic dialogue, which *prima facie* is the nearest approximation to it, turns out to be a far more elastic thing, for the novelist in dialogue, unlike the dramatist, is denied the assistance of soliloquy, pantomime, the business of the scene. In this unyielding medium M. Lavedan moves with grace and freedom, tells a straightforward story, is always lively and various, abounds, like James's conversation, in "lacy ally and easy ples'ntry." Yet he contrives to point a moral, or rather to let you infer one—a moral that may send the least thoughtful reader back, through the ages, to Marcus Aurelius. For his typical Parisian, Paul Costard, as for Hamlet, nothing is but thinking makes it so, and he thinks it a very old thing—*vieux jeu*. From the acrobats at the Hippodrome to filial affection, it is all *vieux jeu*, as he explains, or rather suggests (for he talks with telegraphic brevity, like Mr. Alfred Jingle), to his mistress, Bobette:—

COSTARD: Ça me fiche mal au cœur. Les trapèzes, toutes ces histoires-là qui se passent en l'air, dans le vide, ça me fiche mal au cœur. . . . Et puis c'est vieux jeu. Il y a trois cents ans que je vois ça! Autre chose! Plus de vieux jeu!

BOBETTE: Qu'est-ce qu'il te faut?

COSTARD: Je sais pas. Autre chose. C'est pas à moi de trouver. Moi j'attends. Qu'on serve autre chose.

So much for the gymnasts; as to his mother:—

COSTARD: Je le sais parbleu bien que c'est maman, aussi je la respecte et je l'aime, mais ça n'empêche pas qu'elle soit d'un rasoir, d'un Sheffield! oh! ayez pas peur, mes enfants, si c'était pas ma mère, il y a beau temps que je l'aurais. . . . top, top. . . n'avez compris? Et elle s'en rend bien compte elle-même. Elle abuse de ce qu'elle m'a mis au monde.

Yet one would have thought the mother sufficiently "modern," for she takes a maternal interest in her son's mistresses, and even sends one of them a present of Léoville, 1876, from the family cellar. After the mistresses, a wife—*nouveau jeu*, of course. "Soyons de notre époque," says Costard. "Je veux même être plus que le jeune homme d'aujourd'hui, je veux être le jeune homme de demain, d'après-demain si possible." And he finds an equally modern mate—Mlle. Alice Labosse. This young lady carries the art of "detachment" to a point of which Voltaire's Pocourante never dreamed. She has no prejudices and no preferences:—

MME. LABOSSE: Pourquoi?

ALICE: Parceque rien ne m'attire, pas même un homme, pas même un genre d'homme. Si j'épouse un blond pauvre, je me ferai en dix minutes à l'idée d'être la femme d'un blond pauvre, et ce sera acquis pour la vie. Si c'est un brun riche, même chose.

MME. LABOSSE: Et si ton mariage tourne mal? Si ton mari t'abandonne, te trompe?

ALICE: Je me ferai en dix minutes à l'idée d'être une femme abandonnée et trompée. Je te le dis, maman, je trouve que rien n'a d'importance: j'accepte tout ce qui arrive, chaque jour, le bon comme le mauvais. Ça m'est égal.

Here is a nature like Squire Brooke's mind—a jelly which ran easily into any mould. But the adventures which befall these very modern persons, the young man whose cry is "Qu'on me serve autre chose," and the young woman with the device "Ça m'est égal," are old enough, "familiar in experience, and ephemeral in time, and worthless in the matter." Within a week of the wedding Monsieur has returned to Bobette, and Madame has found

consolation with her husband's dearest friend. Then comes the old story—the story of which you have an earlier version in Hogarth's "*Marriage à la mode*"—the rendezvous, the flagrant delict, the commissary with his tricolour sash and his "*Ouvrez au nom de la loi!*", the divorce. Years afterwards we meet Costard again in an epiloquial chapter, a disillusioned Costard a Costard who now wishes to be not the man of the day after to-morrow, but the man of the day before yesterday. Bobette has long left him, to become a devout *châtelaine* and to entertain bishops. Tired of seeking for the *nouveau jeu*, he asks for nothing but *le vieux*. He spends his evenings at the Français enjoying the *Edipus* of Sophocles, or at the Opéra listening to "*Richard, o mon roi!*" He even begins to believe in the immortality of the soul. Thus does your modern man come round, after all, to the opinion of the antique sage: "Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried."

Besides M. Paul Costard, there is another Paul who has lately executed—in a contrary direction—a return upon himself, M. Paul Verlaine. Of late years M. Verlaine was understood to have forsworn sack and lived cleanly, thrown himself upon the bosom of Mother Church and become a Neo-Catholic mystic. But from his new volume of poems, "*Chansons pour Elle*" (Paris: Léon Vanier), it is evident that M. Verlaine has had enough of mysticism and is once more inclined to find ginger hot in the mouth. "Je fus mystique," he sings:—

Je fus mystique et je ne le suis plus
(La femme m'aura repris tout entier),
Non sans garder des respects absolus
Pour l'idéal qu'il fallait renier;
Mais la femme m'a repris tout entier!

It must be confessed that the "Elle" of these "Chansons" is a very unrepresentable person, and the ballads which celebrate her charms are too full of the details which Verlaine's prototype, Villon, gave in his "*Ballade de la belle Heaulmière*," and are not easily quotable. Here, however, is one stanza:—

Surtout ne parlons pas littérature.
Au diable lecteurs, auteurs, éditeurs
Surtout! Livrons nous à notre nature
Dans l'oubli charmant de toutes pudeurs.
Et ô! ne parlons pas littérature—

in whose refrain, at least, many other persons than professed Verlaniaes will not be disinclined to join.

MORE ABOUT ARTISTIC EDUCATION.

IN England it is customary for art to enter by a side door, and the enormous subvention to the Kensington Schools would never have been voted by Parliament if the Bill had not been gilt with the usual utility gilding. It was represented that the schools were intended for something much more serious than the mere painting of pictures, which only rich people could buy: the schools were primarily intended as schools of design, wherein the sons and daughters of the people would be taught how to design wall-papers, patterns for lace, curtains, damask table-cloths, etc. The intention, like many another, was excellent; but the fact remains that, except for examination purposes, the work done by Kensington students is useless. A design for a piece of wall-paper, for which a Kensington student is awarded a medal, is almost sure to prove abortive when put to a practical test. The isolated pattern looks pretty enough on the two feet of white paper on which it is drawn; but when the pattern is manifolded, it is usually found that the designer has not taken into account the effect of the repetition. That is the pitfall into which the ingenuous Kensington student usually falls; he cannot make practical application of his knowledge, and at Minton's factory all the designs drawn by Kensington students have to be redrawn by those who understand the practical working out of the

processes of reproduction and the quality of the material employed. So complete is the failure of the Kensington student, that to plead a Kensington education is considered to be an almost fatal objection against anyone applying for work in any one of our industrial centres.

I have no personal knowledge of the schools of design at South Kensington; but of the schools of drawing and painting I have a very intimate knowledge, and as the failure of both branches is equally complete, there cannot be much doubt that the systems of education are analogous, and that to know one is to know the other.

Five-and-twenty years ago the schools of art at South Kensington were the most comical in the world; they were the most complete parody on the Continental school of art possible to imagine. They are no doubt the same to-day as they were five-and-twenty years ago—any way, the educational result is the same. The schools as I remember them were faultless in everything except the instruction dispensed there. There were noble staircases covered with cocoanut matting, the rooms were admirably heated with hot-water pipes, there were plaster casts and officials. In the first room the students practised drawing from the flat. Engraved outlines of elaborate ornamentation were given them, and these they drew with lead pencil, measuring the spaces carefully with compasses. In about six months or a year the student had learned to use his compass correctly and to produce a fine hard black lead outline; the harder and finer the outline, the more the drawing looked like a problem in a book of Euclid, the better the examiner was pleased and the more willing was he to send the student to the room upstairs, where drawing was practised from the antique. This was the room in which the wisdom of South Kensington attained a complete efflorescence. I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed there. Having made choice of a cast, the student proceeded to measure the number of heads; he then measured the cast in every direction, and ascertained by means of a plumb-line exactly where the lines fell. It was more like land-surveying than drawing, and to accomplish this portion of his task took generally a fortnight, working six hours a week. He then placed a sheet of tissue paper upon his drawing, leaving only one small part uncovered, and, having reduced his chalk pencil to the finest possible point, he proceeded to lay in a set of extremely fine lines. These were crossed by a second set of lines, and the two sets of lines were elaborately stippled, every black spot being carefully picked out with bread. With a patience truly sublime in its folly he continued the process all the way down the figure, accomplishing, if he were truly industrious, about an inch square in the course of an evening. Our admiration was generally directed to those who had spent the longest time on their drawings. After three months' work a student began to be noticed; at the end of four he became an important personage. I remember one who had contrived to spend six months on his drawing. He was a sort of demigod, and we used to watch him anxious and alarmed lest he might not have the genius to devote still another month to it, and our enthusiasm knew no bounds when we learned that, a week before the drawings had to be sent in, he had taken his drawing home and spent three whole days stippling it and picking out the black spots with bread. The poor drawing had neither character nor consistency; it looked like nothing under the sun, except a drawing done at Kensington—a flat, foolish thing, but very soft and smooth. But this was enough; it was passed by the examiners and the student went into the Life Room to copy an Italian model as he had copied the Apollo Belvedere. Once or twice a week a gentleman who painted tenth-rate pictures, which were not always hung in the Academy, came round and passed casual remarks on the quality of the stippling. There was a head-master who painted tenth-rate historical pictures, after the manner of a tenth-rate German painter

in a provincial town, in a vast studio up-stairs, which the State was good enough to provide him with, and he occasionally walked through the studios: on an average, I should say, once a month.

I said last week that instances abounded in artistic history of men who had been able to dispense with lessons and successfully educate themselves. I said, too, that I was aware of no instance of a man outliving the evil of a bad education. The system of education that obtains at the Beaux-Arts, although infinitely less destructive than that of South Kensington, has not failed, however, to curtail and deform the art of all who have been subjected to it for any considerable length of time. A curse seems to hang over those who have gained the *Précédé Rome*. It was thought that Henri Regnault would break the spell; Besnard of late years fought hard against the infamy of his early education: at one moment it looked as if he were going to overcome it, but in his efforts to break his bonds he has drifted from eccentricity to eccentricity, and has failed to develop a style. That the artistic education of the Beaux-Arts has never failed to weaken, and to weaken irreparably, the genius of every one who has entirely submitted to it, is not now denied. Then, I ask, what would be the result of five years' study at South Kensington on a man of genius—I mean, of course, a youth of sixteen or seventeen—in whom there was genius? Is it not certain that the system I have described destroys genius in the bud in just the same way as a frost cuts down an early shoot? The matter is one of the first importance. Has South Kensington ever produced an artist who can paint even respectably? Are the designs done by its students available at Minton's or at Doulton's?

If Kensington were merely useless, the matter would not be worth considering: so much money is wasted in our public departments that half a million one way or another would not be worth while calling into question. It might be argued that the schools were sinecures for a number of worthy old gentlemen, and I should be loth to advocate their abolition if it could be shown that they involved no more than a pleasant waste of half a million yearly. If the Pierian spring at South Kensington were merely one from which no water flowed, I should not trouble to raise my hand against it. But the Pierian spring at Kensington is no waterless fountain; water flows therefrom in profusion, but it is poisoned water, and he who drinks it dies.

Must we then conclude that, because Kensington education is an evil, all education is equally so? Why exaggerate: why outstrip the plain telling of the facts? For those who are thinking of adopting art as a profession it is sufficient to know that the one irreparable evil is a bad primary education. Be sure that after five years of the Beaux-Arts you cannot become a great painter. Be sure that after five years of Kensington you can never become a painter at all. "If not at Kensington nor at the Beaux-Arts, where am I to obtain the education I stand in need of?" cries the embarrassed student. I do not propose to answer that question directly. How the masters of Holland and Flanders obtained their marvellous education is not known. We neither know how they learned nor how they painted. Did the early masters paint first in monochrome, adding the colouring matter afterwards? How much vain conjecturing has been expended in attempting to solve this question. Did Ruysdael paint direct from Nature or from drawings? Unfortunately, on this question history has no single word to say. We know that Potter learned his trade in the fields in lonely communication with Nature. We know too that Crome was a house-painter, and practised painting from Nature when his daily work was done. Nevertheless he attained as perfect a technique as any painter that ever lived. Morland, too, was self-taught: he practised painting in the fields and farmyards and the country inns where he lived, oftentimes paying for

board and lodging with a picture. Did his art suffer from want of education? Is there anyone who believes that Morland would have done better work if he had spent three or four years stippling drawings from the antique at South Kensington?

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

ROBERT GREENE. HAMLET'S FATHER.
DR. GOLDSMITH. DR. JOHNSON.
A PARROT.

(*A Grove in the Elysian Fields. Eurydice is heard "off" singing "Questo Asilo."*)

R. G.: A plague of this fellow Gluck and his musty *Orfeo*, say I!

DR. J.: Sir, you are a rascal. You are an unclubbable fellow. You are impertinent to the company and to my worthy friend Dr. Burney, who much esteems the Chevalier Gluck. Would you diminish the public stock of harmless pleasure? You are to consider, sir, that music softens the mind, so as to prepare it for the reception of salutary feelings.

DR. G. (*stily*):

"Pretends to taste, at operas cries *Caro*,
And quits his Jimmy Boswell for *Che Faro*."

Do you remember, sir, when Mr. Gluck played upon the musical glasses at the little theatre in the Haymarket?

DR. J.: Sir, I do not remember it, I recollect it. To remember and to recollect are different things. What I remember is that you once had the indecent levity to couple these musical glasses with the great name—*venerabile et praeclarum nomen*—of Shakesp—

R. G.: Shakespære me no Shakespeares! It skills not to speak to my face of this upstart crow beautified with my feathers, this absolute Johannes Factotum, that is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country. (PARROT *croaks like a hoarse raven under battlements*.) Have at thee, foul bird! . . . Ha, ha! Boy! Art thou there, true-penny?

HAMLET'S FATHER (*enters with books under his arm and a bundle of newspapers*): Peace, thou incestuous, thou adulterous beast! (*Starts as PARROT crows like a cock*.) Perdition seize that parrot!

R. G.: Comest thou from revisiting the glimpses of the moon?

H. F.: No, from the playhouse in the Haymarket, where I am doom'd for an uncertain term to walk the night. No man hath glimpses of the moon there; for, as Master Herkomer, the limner, will tell thee, all playhouse moons are suns. O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not. But they allow me the new books and the illustrated papers in the entr'actes. See! I bear a fardel of them here. And, by'r Lady, after so much Shakesp—

R. G.: Shakescene, old mole, Shakescene! Full well thou know'st that my Lord of Verulam, and none other, begat thee.

DR. J.: As I perceive is maintained in this book your Majesty has been pleased to bring with you: "Our English Homer; or, Shakespeare Historically Considered," by Thomas W. White, M.A.

R. G.: Oh, brave!

DR. J.: Sir, I am not to be interrupted, even by a Clerk in Holy Orders. Who is this Mr. White, and of what University is he, that bears Shakespeare so much belated ill-will? In my day, classical literature and collegiate learning were not wont to

garb themselves in the motley of the zany or the cloak of the assassin. Nor did we listen willingly to those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox. This gentleman, I perceive, affects to have read my preface; but he who reads only to confute is apt to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit. Where are Mr. White's credentials? I suspect him to be one of the American rebels, and suppose that his "Mastership of Arts" is of the same bastard stock as Mr. Washington's title of "General." In short, the man is plainly a rascal, and I will ask my friend Mr. Dilly to buy me another shilling oak-stick, for chastisement will often enforce on the back what argument fails to convey to the head. But what says your Majesty?

H. F.: But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold—

DR. J.: Sire, it is not for me to bandy words with a Sovereign, and I trust I have always shown a proper reverence for ghosts. Nevertheless, candour sometimes discovers what piety would have concealed; and this tale of yours is no tale of Cock Lane, but a tale of a Cock and a Bull. (PARROT *again imitates a cock-crow*).

H. F. (*throwing his truncheon at the bird*): Zounds! I'll wring the neck of that scurvy parrot. 'Tis Signior Montanaro hath sent him to plague me.

R. G.: What Signior's that? Not he who wrote *Othello* that our Shakescene stole?

H. F.: Nay, another of your Dons, Emilio Montanaro. Here is his play, new-published and made English by one J. T. Grein. 'Tis called *In the Garden of Citrons*, and there is another of your talking parrots in that garden. Citron-gardens delight me not—no, nor orchards neither—though by your smiling you seem to say so.

DR. G.: Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! And here, Doctor *Major*, is a book about your friend Doctor *Minor*, "The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith," edited by Austin Dobson. A monstrous pretty book, I protest: I have not been dress'd in so fine cloathes since Mr. Filby made me that plum-coloured coat. But what's this? Mr. Dobson does not like my "Edwin and Angelina," my poem that, I told Cradock, could not be amended? "Over-soft prettiness, too much that of the chromo-lithograph"! Fudge! And listen to this, sir! "His *Goodnatur'd Man* was wet-blanketed beforehand by a sententious prologue from Johnson."

DR. J.: Pooh, sir! "Wet-blanketed" is not in my Dictionary: and sententiousness is proper to a prologue. But enough of books! What news, your Majesty, from the playhouses?

H. F.: Sleeping in my stall at the Haymarket, my custom always of the afternoon, I was awaked by the sound of a scythe. I could see naught, for the stage was dark, but I learn'd that one of your new-fangled plays was being enacted. The story is extant, written in very choice Ollendorffian, and here's the English on't, *The Intruder*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, the same that the French do call the Belgian Shakesp—

R. G.: Shakescene, I tell thee, sirrah! Shakescene, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide!

DR. J.: I apprehend that the name Shakespeare is no longer proper to one, but a noun of multitude, signifying many.

DR. G.: No longer, Doctor? Was it ever? Mr. Thomas W. White, M.A., thinks it may have been nothing more than a descriptive title, translated from the name of the Braggart Captain *Spizzer* (Shiverspear) in the Italian pantomimes. (*Here the ear-piercing attempts of the PARROT to cry "Spizzer" break up the company.*) A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE Archaic Room in the British Museum, which has been closed for many months, will shortly be opened again. It has been redecorated, the walls having been painted a sharp green to throw out in greater relief the various specimens. More important than its redecoration is the erection in this room of casts of the pediments of the temple of JUPITER PANHELLENICUS, built at Ægina in the fifth century before Christ in memory of the deliverance of Greece from the plague at the intercession of ÆACUS. This famous temple was visited by CHANDLER in the last century: but has been chiefly known to us by the successful excavations of our countrymen, COCKERELL and FOSTER, assisted by BARON HALLER and M. LINCKE of Stuttgart, in 1811. The sculptures and ornaments unearthed by them supply an important link in the history of ancient art, and connect the schools of early Greece with that of Etruscan sculpture. By an unlucky accident the British Museum failed to obtain these treasures, and they now form one of the most interesting acquisitions of the Glyptothek of Munich.

DISAPPOINTED in securing the originals, MR. COCKERELL obtained casts, which he arranged in partially restored pediments in the British Museum. DR. MURRAY, following MR. COCKERELL'S design, has completed the restoration of the pediments, even to the colouring and the griffins and the lions' heads on the end. In the tympanum of each pediment an entire subject was represented: but we have now only thirteen figures in all. The statues were mostly cut out of one entire block with a surprising power of execution, each shield, not more than three-quarters of an inch in the thickest part, being wrought in the solid, together with the figure holding it. Not a single evidence of artificial support was discovered in the western pediment, and only one in the eastern. The boldness of such execution is marvellous.

DEEDS of the ÆACIDE, of whose praise, as PINDAR says, "the whole world is full," are in all likelihood the subjects of these groups of statuary. The figures in the eastern pediment, five in number, are the work of a better artist than those in the western one. They are supposed to refer to the early siege of Troy by HERCULES. The subject of the western pediment is the combat of PATROCLUS and HECTOR as related in the Eighteenth Book of the Iliad. In the midst is ATHENE putting an end to the combat.

A NOVELTY in the same room, hardly less interesting than these casts, is a partially restored column of the first temple of DIANA at Ephesus. An almost obliterated inscription on the apophyge can be made to signify that the column was presented by CRÆSUS. If the emendation be correct—and there is no reason why it should not be—we have here a verification of HERODOTUS, who says that CRÆSUS gave many of the columns to the first temple of DIANA.

UNDER the title of "Hore Sabbaticæ" SIR JAMES STEPHEN is reprinting his contributions to the *Saturday Review* (MACMILLAN). The first series consists of fourteen historical papers arranged chronologically, beginning with "Joinville and St. Louis," and concluding with "Lord Clarendon's 'Life.'"

THE history of the formal garden in England is a wide subject, and includes many matters any one of which could be fully handled only in a special study. An attempt, however, has been made in "The Formal Garden in England" (MACMILLAN) by

MESSRS. R. BLOMFIELD and F. INIGO THOMAS to break up ground and clear away misconceptions by giving so much of its history as will show the general character of the formal garden in England, its absolute separation from landscape gardening, and the extent and variety of design which it involves. The book, which is tastefully bound and illustrated, is not a treatise on horticulture, but a discussion of design and of the treatment of garden ground.

THE sixth volume chronologically, the tenth in order of publication, of the "English Statesmen" is MR. BEESLY'S "Elizabeth" (MACMILLAN). MR. YORK POWELL'S "Edward I." and MR. JOHN MORLEY'S "Chatham" will complete this important series.

DR. LLOYD ROBERTS is the editor of BROWNE'S "Religio Medici and Other Essays," the new volume of the bijou "Stott Library."

PROBABLY the reason why an anthology of the political verse of England was never attempted till now may be that such compositions require, or are thought to require, a rather unusual amount of scholastic annotation to render them intelligible. When MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY undertook the task any difficulty of that kind must have vanished before his erudition. "Political Verse" (PERCIVAL), the second volume of the "Pocket Library," contains selections from SKELTON to TRAILL. There is a general introduction, a brief introduction to each author, and not too many notes.

NUMEROUS passages in the new instalment of "Wotton Reinfred" (*New Review*), as in the first, are almost identical verbally with passages in "Sartor Resartus." The descriptions of the House in the Wold and of the scene from the garden-house in "Wotton Reinfred" are the same as descriptions of the Waldschloss and its environment in the chapter on "Romance" in "Sartor." In noticing the first portion of "Wotton Reinfred" it was suggested here that it might have been an attempt to reduce "Sartor," poor beast, to a more popular form. It seems more likely that "Reinfred" preceded "Sartor." Paragraphs in "The Everlasting Yea" look as if they had been condensed from the conversation in chapter iv. of "Reinfred," rather than as if the conversation had been expanded from "The Everlasting Yea."

CARLYLE read and re-read DR. BODICHON'S "De l'Humanité," we are assured by MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS in her most interesting reminiscence of MADAME BODICHON (*Fortnightly*). The volume lay for several days near his bed, and he owned to a friend that the analysis contained in it of the character of the first NAPOLEON led him to change his opinion of the modern CÆSAR. The monograph "De l'Humanité" is included in a popular selection of DR. BODICHON'S works, "Œuvres Diverses," published in Paris by M. LEROUX.

PUBLIC interest in Persia will be—at least, temporarily—aroused by the "Reign of Terror," in the *Contemporary*. MR. E. G. BROWNE is therefore so far fortunate in the publication this week of his translation of the anonymous Persian work, "A Traveller's Narrative," by the Cambridge University Press. Of

the original, an anonymous book written probably during 1886, MR. BROWNE is the editor. It is the history of a proscribed and persecuted sect, "The Bábí," written by one of themselves. Since COUNT GOBINEAU'S history of the Bábí movement in his "Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale" is a narrative of thrilling and sustained interest, one would expect an original account to be well worth reading.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN, in the current *New Review*, raises again the question of a National Gallery of British Art. He presents successively the various proposals which have been before the public—the National Gallery scheme, the Kensington Palace scheme, and the two South Kensington schemes—of which now the first two only really survive. MR. SPIELMANN gives his voice for the first, as "the most dignified, the simplest, and the cheapest," with the emphatic declaration that "the logical accomplishment of a National Gallery of British Art is impossible outside Trafalgar Square." However this may be, the matter is one of very great importance, and it is high time it was settled.

A MODEST but useful part of the work of *Free Russia* is the translation of Russian and other foreign writings bearing upon the social and political condition of the country. Such a contribution is the story of the life and death of a young lady doctor as told to M. MELCHIOR DE VOGUE, in the current number. Here is a luminous passage: "This tree (the wild cherry from the steppes on which I have grafted plums) produced last summer a miraculous branch loaded with green-gages as big as eggs. It is an emblem of my country: I know of no truer one. On the wild young stock we have grafted, here and there, your Western ideas. The fruit, nourished by too strong a sap, becomes transformed, and sometimes even monstrous. Nihilism is that, and only that. My peasant's intellect is changed, but not his soul or his instincts, which resist longer. In this brain, into which you have introduced your bold speculations, the vigorous blood of the primitive creature continues to beat in a flood-tide." In this same little journal STEPNIK—having demolished MR. STEAD'S apology for ALEXANDER III.—goes on to the more profitable discussion of "the Russian army from the political point of view."

THERE will be published very shortly in Paris, by LEROUX, a volume of popular folk-tales collected on the Riviera, and annotated by MR. JAMES BRUYN ANDREWS.

DR. FINNUR JONSSON, an Icelandic writer, has published a literary history of Iceland, comprising the period between 900 and 1100 A.D. This is the first Icelandic essay on Icelandic literature, and DR. JONSSON in it expresses the opinion that the largest and best portion of the "Edda" is Norwegian, another portion comes from Greenland, and only the smallest part is genuinely Icelandic.

DR. IBSEN has been made a commander of the first class of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf. It is generally believed that he is engaged upon the writing of a new play, but it will not be published till shortly before Christmas, which is his usual time for sending forth his books.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON will now again become the recipient of a State pension of 1,600 krs. annually. He had refused to accept it any longer on account of the Storthing declining to vote ALEXANDER KIELLAND a similar pension; but the latter

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

having now been made a Burgomaster, BJÖRNSON has waived his objection.

THE announced co-operation of the Gresham College Committee with the Albert University is no doubt an event of considerable significance. It both admits the impracticability of the present scheme, and at the same time implies the possibility of amending it. Moreover, to a large extent, as the Gresham Committee will soon be in command of large funds, to say nothing of the Corporation, it provides the endowments which such a University will require for its due development. At the same time the change by no means ends the controversy, as seems to be assumed in some quarters. On the contrary, it makes the requisite amendments more necessary than before, and strengthens much more than any amount of argument the demand that the whole question should be fully reconsidered in the light of recent discussion, and with a view to the drafting of a much more comprehensive and statesmanlike plan for the new University of London.

THE claim of an advertising agent on MESSRS. BRINSMEAD for services in connection with the "procuring" of newspaper paragraphs, interviews, and generally "the puff" unadulterated, of MESSRS. BRINSMEAD'S wares, has disclosed the rather alarming ascendancy which the advertiser is gaining over even respectable newspapers. The advertiser to-day is clearly not content with his space in the columns devoted to him, and the fierce competition among newspapers has resulted in his getting very much more. We are afraid that the "new Journalism" is, to a certain extent, responsible for this, but its consequences are entirely deplorable. It weakens the conscience of editors, destroys the *bona fides* of their views, gives an unpleasant trade flavour to the interview, and disturbs the confidence of the public in the disinterestedness and real independence of the press. If the tyranny of the censor is to be replaced by the tyranny of the advertiser, we have hardly advanced very far on the lines of freedom.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue (besides MR. SPURGEON'S) have been those of SIR GEORGE PAGET, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, and the creator, conjointly with his fellow-Professor of Surgery, of the flourishing medical school of that university; SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, whose eminence in the worlds of music, of fashion, and of medicine, and whose controversies with other eminent English and German medical men, need no more than a bare mention here; SIR ROBERT SANDEMAN, K.C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of Beloochistan; SIR CHARLES WINGFIELD, formerly Chief Commissioner of Oude, and later M.P. for Gravesend; SIR THOMAS PYCROFT, at one time a well-known member of the Government of Madras; SIR HERBERT SANDFORD, who had been connected with most of the International Exhibitions held in England, including that of 1862; SIR JOHN EARDLEY-WILMOT, long a County Court judge, and for eleven years a Liberal Member for Warwickshire; MR. J. H. TILLET, for many years a prominent figure among the Liberals of Norwich; SIR THOMAS WALLER, sometime Secretary of Legation at Athens and at Brussels; MR. RALPH BROCKLEBANK, the well-known Liverpool shipowner; HERR ADOLF HAUSER-SPAETH, a prominent member of the firm which owns (among other hotels) the Schweizerhof at Lucerne; PROFESSOR BERNHARD TEN BRINK, of Strasburg, who was one of the highest authorities on old English literature; MR. J. K. STEPHEN, whose "Lapsus Calami" and "Quo Musa Tendis" are probably the most humorous of recent humorous poems; the REV. HUGH HANNA, the well-known Presbyterian minister at Belfast; MR. HOWARD LIVESEY, whose name was familiar as a writer on social questions and an assailant of the

Manchester Ship Canal; MR. THOMAS WENMAN, the actor; and M. ALEXANDROS RHANGABÉ, by birth a Phanariot Greek of Constantinople, but for most of his life a citizen of the Hellenic Kingdom—a poet and a recognised authority on ancient Greek inscriptions and modern Greek literature.

THE RUSSIAN BUDGET FOR 1892.

BERLIN, February 2, 1892.

M. WYSCHINEGRADSKI, the Russian Finance Minister, has published his Budget for the current year, together with a commentary. The general figures are an income of 891,031,691 roubles, and an expenditure of 965,303,066 roubles, giving a deficit of 71,268,375 roubles. In 1891 the deficit was 47,791,812 roubles, for the income amounted to 914,507,709 roubles, and the expenditure to 962,302,521 roubles. This admission is in itself serious enough, but if we look a little closer into the details of the report, we shall see that it is very optimistic; that the expenditure will probably be considerably larger; and that the income is greatly overestimated, the more so as in the comparatively normal circumstances of the years 1888-90 the Russian Budgets when they were published showed a surplus, which regularly was turned into a deficit to be covered by loans. With the present famine, which cripples all the economical resources of the Empire, the deficit will certainly be much larger than the Minister admits.

Let us take some of the principal items of the revenue first. The most productive tax in Russia is that on brandy: it is estimated at 212,500,000 roubles, 17,000,000 roubles less than last year. In this the Minister is probably right, for, whatever may be the misery of the masses, as long as they have any money left they will rather spend it for brandy than for bread. That this enormous consumption of alcoholic drinks is in itself ruinous for the population cannot be contested, but at present we have only to examine whether the Minister is right in his estimates. He certainly is not so in fixing the receipts of the Customs at 110,900,000 roubles. The Russian tariff has become nearly prohibitive for goods of foreign industry; and as to those articles which must be imported, because the country cannot produce them, it is to be considered that hitherto they were mostly paid for by exported corn. At present this is impossible. The export of corn having been prohibited, the famine has greatly diminished the purchasing power even of the higher classes, and consequently the Customs revenue will fall off heavily. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of this loss for the Exchequer, but the fact in itself seems certain.

The Minister commits a similar error in putting the receipts of the redemption-payments of the former serfs at 74,000,000 roubles. This is indeed 24,750,000 roubles less than in 1891, but it is more than doubtful whether even this sum can be realised. If the peasants of more than twenty provinces are starving for want of food, where are they to find the money for paying the redemption-tax? The bad harvest must also greatly diminish the produce of the land-tax. More than 1,800 estates of the nobility are to be sold by the Agrarian Bank for want of payment of interest, and it is small comfort if really, as the Minister assumes, the Crown lands will yield half a million more, for this will mainly be due to the enhanced price of corn. The produce of the State railways is estimated at 20,500,000 roubles more than last year, but this increase results from the State's having bought up several private railways, so that the surplus represents the interest of the purchase-money, and on the other hand the Exchequer loses the payments which were made before by the railway companies.

We conclude by drawing attention to the heading, "Net Profits of Government, Bank operations, and

of Capital belonging to the Crown," because it is decidedly characteristic of the way in which the Minister deals with his Budget. It shows, compared to last year, an increase of 11,359,153 roubles (20,430,569 to 9,071,411), but how, in the present circumstances, when the Government is constantly borrowing, is such a sum to be realised? The explanation is simply that the assumed profit rests on a trick of book-keeping. Hitherto the net profits of the Imperial Bank have always been placed in the Budget second to the running year, so that that of 1889 appeared only in the Budget of 1891. M. Wyshnegradski makes those profits of 1889 and 1891 (4,869,868 roubles and 9,000,000 roubles) appear in the present Budget, and thus absorbs a sum formerly considered as a reserve for the current expenses. How can the statements of a Minister be relied upon who thus manages to fill up his accounts?

Turning to the expense, we find first that 217,824,688 roubles are required for the service of the public debt. It is but fair to state that Russia hitherto, notwithstanding her financial difficulties and the extremely unfavourable rate of exchange, has scrupulously fulfilled her obligations towards her foreign creditors not only as to the payment of interest, but also as regards the sinking fund, and partly in consequence of the working of the latter, the debt in 1892 requires nearly 9,000,000 roubles less than in 1891, although the new loans contracted in 1891 demand a new expense of 34,500,000 roubles. But M. Wyshnegradski passes in silence over the conversion of a series of former debts, by which he has indeed lowered the interest from 5 to 4 per cent., but has largely increased the capital of the debts, and extended the period of the repayment from twenty-five to ninety-one years. Thus the present charges are somewhat lessened, at the price of burdening the future to an immense amount, so that Russia in the end will pay more than double for these loans than was formerly contemplated—surely a short-sighted policy, which can only be explained by the necessity of finding funds at any price. The Minister boasts of his large gold reserves in foreign banks, but as he is unable to fill up the gaps arising from the payment of interest to foreign bondholders, they must gradually be reduced.

The navy requires an increase of 3,000,000 roubles, the army of 10,000,000 roubles, in consequence of the enhanced price of provisions; but what is most curious is that we find no details about the large sums to be spent for more than twenty provinces visited by the famine. The direct subventions which the Government had to pay, and will still have to pay, are very large, although entirely inadequate to the requirements of the case. Besides, there are the public works executed in order to give employment to the starving labourers. In the programme of the committee appointed for this purpose, and presided over by General Annenkov, we find the construction of important roads in nine provinces, felling timber to the amount of 48,572 dessjatines in the Crown forests, public waterworks, etc. All this will require a vast outlay, which certainly will not be much less than 80 to 100 million roubles, and we thus arrive at the conclusion that the total deficit for 1892 will amount to more than 200 millions, which, as there can be no question of increased taxation, can only be covered by a new and large loan. But where—under the present economical circumstances—will the Russian Government be able to borrow the necessary sum? The London market is out of the question; English capitalists have long ago sold their Russian bonds, considering them an unsafe investment, and will the less be disposed to advance money now that the financial condition of the Eastern Empire has become so much worse. But it is nearly the same with the German bankers, who formerly were the principal contractors for Russian loans; there is not the slightest prospect of floating such a loan either at Berlin or at Frankfurt. The Vienna market deals nearly exclusively in Austro-Hungarian securities, so Paris alone remains.

But French bankers have made bad experiences with the Russian loan of last summer. The 500 million francs were more than fully subscribed, but they were not taken by the public, although the Government and the press did all in their power to secure success of issue, and finally M. Wyshnegradski was compelled to take back 200 millions. The price of the bonds fell considerably below the issue price. How, after this failure, can the Russian Government hope to find, in its present critical circumstances, the milliard of francs which certainly will be required to cover the deficit of 1892 and of 1893? We think it impossible; and then nothing remains but a forced internal loan or the increase of paper-money, which will reduce the rate of exchange still more than is now the case, when it is 199, par being 305.

We speak of the deficit of 1893 as certain, and it is easy to show that it will be so. The principal cause of the present dearth is the drought during the last spring and early summer, and this absence of rain is greatly due to the devastation of the forests. The area formerly covered with timber was enormous; the woods belonged to the Crown, to the great landed proprietors and to the village communities. But the means of transport were then so imperfect and costly that only in the neighbourhood of large rivers did the felling of timber pay. This changed with the construction of railways and the abolition of serfdom; the former gave the possibility of selling with profit, and the peasants abandoned their woods to speculators for what they thought a good price, little thinking of the future; the larger proprietors followed their example, the purchase money was spent in drink and luxurious living, and no one thought of replanting. Too late has the Government issued a law for the protection of forests. Such a devastation going on for twenty years not only exhausts a source of wealth, but has also other bad consequences. When the country is deprived of its trees, the earth is dried up and crumbles from the hills; the water coming down from heaven cannot be kept back as is the case with the woods, which act as a sponge, but rushes in torrents into the rivers and disappears in the sea, and the consequence is a gradual diminution of the fertility of the soil and the disappearing of numerous brooklets and small rivers, to help the larger ones show a low water-mark, which proves prejudicial to the navigation.

This state of things will make itself felt in the future likewise, the more so as the landed proprietors have been compelled to sell or kill their cattle and horses, for which they had no food. The outlook for Russia is therefore very menacing; the only good side as regards Europe consists in the fact that the financial straits prevent the Imperial Government pursuing its aggressive policy, and that therefore the Russian famine is a new guarantee of the maintenance of peace. HEINRICH GEFFCKEN.

A VILLAGE GENIUS.

THEY buried him to-day in the green God's Acre sown thickly with human dead, in the shadow of the little church with its square Norman tower, in the longer shadow of the Round Tower, raised so long ago that even its uses and its age are dimly guessed at, and that yet for all its hoariness in the verdant landscape looks Time between the eyes, and defies him, as it did—how many centuries ago? The Round Tower has seen much of death: many times, no doubt, this rich plain was a battle-field for many races. One who steals by the churchyard with a trembling heart might start to realise that underfoot, no matter whither one wends, there lie the forgotten dead; for our Old World has, every inch of it, been honeycombed with graves. The Round Tower stands in the smiling landscape like a Sphinx holding its secret and its thoughts. Of a summer afternoon it sets its long shadow like the shadow on the dial-plate across the graves. Tick, tick, goes the

clock of Time; if you listen you hear it in the silence, and Time passes, and we with it. But the Round Tower knows that, like the seasons, everything returns: there is never a lack of golden heads at the cottage doors, or birds to sing in the boughs in spring after the snow and the frost, or apple-blossoms, though last year's fell in showers or delicate pale leaves though the autumn swept such a myriad of dead leaves down the village street, to creep and whisper about the feet of the Round Tower like little ghosts of dead dreams. To the Round Tower everything returns; and because he is well-nigh eternal, he never notices such a detail as that they are not the same children, or the same birds, or the same blossoms and leaves. But it will not be next year, or for many a year, that he will again look upon a village genius.

The village genius was the son of a shoemaker, one of a family of robust brothers, all of the same trade, and himself unwillingly making boots for the farmers while his feet would fain be climbing the hill of Parnassus. I think, however, he was a shoemaker *manqué*, or how else was it that one would meet him sometimes striding along on a frosty afternoon when the setting sun turned all the snow to scarlet? an open book in his hand wherein the dusk was blotting out the letters, his gait a little fierce, striding along, as I have said, as if he would so walk away from something that irked him in his daily life. That was before I knew him so well as I did of late years, before I became his literary guide, and my word his judgment.

He was at the unromantic age of forty-two when he died; a spare man, with hair greyer and thinner than it should have been, regular pale features, eager eyes that jumped at you when you gave an advice or an explanation, a high bulging brow that might have given warning of the brain disease he was to die from.

His life had many disappointments. His own family were not untender, but were somewhat impatient of him; they wanted him to be a good shoemaker, not a bad poet. The people among whom he lived smiled at his ambitions, not realising how much more ignoble were their own: his aspirations and dreams were to the world he lived in nothing like so poetically named a thing as a mid-summer madness. He had a sweetheart once, a hypocritical, meek-faced thing, a village coquette with a pure profile, and hidden eyes, and pale soft cheeks under her drooping ringlets. She led the village genius into Paradise, and walked with him in its paths for a little while; then she jilted him, shamefully and shamelessly, for a friend of his, a good earner, troubled with no useless dreams and visions. They went to America, and the village genius gave no second woman the chance of wounding him.

Henceforth his devotion was to his lady Literature. Devotion more profound and entire I have never known. So long as he touched the hem of her skirt he was satisfied. He did wonders considering his difficulties. He made his way to France and remained long enough to learn the language, so as to get at the French writers. He had dreams of going further afield, especially when in latter days he grew prosperous, but alas! his feet will never again wander from his own village.

The first essays in literature he brought to me would have made me smile if he had not been so deeply in earnest. He had read only the stately, old-fashioned writers, the essayists of the *Spectator*, the poetry of Pope, who was his favourite. Add to the formality thus acquired the Irish peasant's love for big and sonorous words, and imagine the result! From the first I took him in earnest, and he was very docile. I preached to him perpetually the doctrine of simplicity. It was not easy to persuade him that it was better to say a thing was "red" than that it was "of ruby dye," but little by little he learned, and was encouraged as his simple verses became acceptable to a newspaper, now and again.

Then his subjects: he was quite capable at the time of a Dantesque poem on the Last Judgment, or another Ode on the Nativity. But by degrees he accepted my dictum that he must only write of things he knew, and so he came in time to write sketches of the life about him, with a certain vigorous realism, and to make simple verses on familiar things which, with every trial, came nearer to being poetry. I can see him sitting before me now, in his shoemaker's leather apron, as he sometimes came early in the morning, waiting with his eager eyes upon me as I read his latest story or verse, and sensitively ready to wince if my judgment were adverse. I often looked at him, indeed more in sorrow than in anger, for it was not easy to keep him from relapsing into magnificence, and verses opening delicately and sweetly would pull up about the third verse with a burst of bathos. However, I think I helped him every time he came, and he used to go away happy, his arms, with the turned-up sleeves, often full of the overflow from my bookshelves. He was an ascetic genius—in life and in his mind. He never touched drink; and in even the innocent pleasures of those about him he had no part: so he was attracted in literature by a chilly excellence, and had little feeling for colour or passion.

Those realistic stories of his often brought him into ill-repute. They were literal transcripts from the life about him, and when a paper drifted into the village containing a photographic description of how the Widow S—— behaved to her husband in life and when he lay dead, or a certain curious page in the early family history of the most prosperous person in the village, there was commotion. But the village genius heeded it no more than the battle of the frogs that made all the water tremble in a deep ditch he passed on his evening walk towards the hills. If they thought him an unprofitable, and now a scurrilous person, he was too remote from them to heed. He lived in a world of his own; when he was hammering boots on the shop-bench and his thoughts were withdrawn into himself; when he sat in his bedroom in the roof among his books, and opened his high window to the stars; when he paced towards the mountains in a mood of exaltation that marked their solemnity and their eternal peace, but overlooked their transcendent colouring. I fear the village genius had a certain arrogance for his surroundings, and that as he found his expression, these people amongst whom he was bred and born became only so much material to him.

The stories led up to the season of prosperity of which I have spoken. His stories and his sketches became acceptable to a couple of papers which were connected. One was a Society paper of the most vapid sort, more foolish if less vicious than its London prototypes. To this the village genius not only contributed stories and sketches, but also Society paragraphs, for his sister had gone away and become a *modiste* to the great world, by which it will be seen that he was not the only remarkable person of his family. I often thought the editor of that Society paper was a bold man, for the genius drew on the long memories of the old people around him as well as his own, and many a strange page in the histories of county families found its way into the Society paper thinly disguised. The village genius contributed much to the paper for some time before he died, and I often smiled, seeing it in the hands of fashionable dames and misses, over another vision of the village genius in leather apron and with grimy face and hands. He felt it as a somewhat ignoble prosperity, but he was proud to earn money by the pen so long derided, very proud to draw out with pretended unostentation a cheque for his literary services, in full sight of his brothers and his fierce old father, who had raged against the piles of useless manuscript and the feckless son who would spend good sixpences by stealth to procure the *Athenæum* or the *Saturday Review*.

Yet, apart from this sordid gain, he kept a pure aspiration, and worked at his little poems by night, and strove patiently in his 'prenticeship to the art he hoped some day humbly to learn. It is all over now, and the rain will beat to-night above his quiet face. The little hard buds are forming on the trees, and the green snowdrop spears pushing sturdy heads above ground: even in the damp days there is a fresh breath of spring that sets all the birds to chattering. But he is heedless of it all, and the lovely and ordered procession of the months that once delighted him will pass him unheeded. At last he lies quite close to the heart of Nature and the secret of all things. To him, patiently learning, might have been said, in the exquisite words of a modern poet:—

"Wait, and many a secret nest,
Many a hoarded winter store,
Will be hidden on thy breast.
Things thou longest for
Will not fear or shun thee more.
Thou shalt intimately lie
In the roots of flowers that thrust
Upwards from thee to the sky,
With no more distrust
When they blossom from thy dust.
Silent labours of the rain
Shall be near thee, reconciled:
Little lives of leaf and grain—
All things shy and wild
Tell thee secrets, quiet child."

In life he would scarcely have had ear for the subtle sweetness of such poetry, yet it makes my thought of him, lying where the graves crowd thickly towards human sympathy and the occasional footfall of the living. The Round Tower knows the secrets of the upper air, but the quiet dead

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Or the furious winter rages,"

at rest in the earth amid the growing things, and in hope of a glorious immortality. There the village genius has learned masterfully intimacy with familiar things, and the last great simplicity of death.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE STORMING PARTY.

SAID Ted Leroy to Barrow,
"Though the breach is steep and narrow.
If we only gain the summit
It is odds we have the fort.
You have ten, and I have twenty.
And the thirty should be plenty
With Henderson and Henty
And McDermott in support."

Said Barrow to Leroy,
"It's a solid job, my boy.
For they've banked it
And they've flanked it,
And they've bored it with a mine.
But it's only fifty paces,
Ere we look them in the faces,
And the men are in their places,
With their toes upon the line."

Said Ted Leroy to Barrow,
"See that one ray, like an arrow,
How it tinges
All the fringes
Of the heavy drifting skies!
My orders are, begin it
At five thirty to the minute;
So at thirty-one I'm in it,
Or my junior gets his rise."

"We'll see the signal rocket,
And—Barrow, what's that locket—
That turquoise-studded locket,
Which you lifted from your pocket,

And are pressing with a kiss?
Turquoise-studded, spiral twisted,
Ah, 'tis it! And I had missed it
From her chain, and you have kissed it!
Barrow! Villain! What is this?"

"Leroy, I had a warning
That my time had come this morning,
So I speak with frankness, scorning
That my last breath should be false.
Yes, 'tis hers, this golden trinket,
Little turquoise-studded trinket.
She never gave it—do not think it,
For I stole it in a waltz.

"As we danced I gently drew it
From the chain. She never knew it.
But I love her, yes, I love her!
I am candid, I confess;
But I never breathed it—never!
For I knew 'twas vain endeavour,
And she loved you—loved you ever!
Would to God she loved you less!

"Barrow, villain, you shall pay me,
Me! Your comrade! to betray me!
I need no man's word that Amy
Is as true as wife can be;
She to give a man a locket!
She would rather—Ha! the rocket!
Hi, McDougall!
Blow your bugle!
Yorkshires! Yorkshires! Follow me!"

Said Ted Leroy to Amy,
"Well, wifie, you may blame me,
But my temper overcame me,
When he told me of his shame.
And when I saw him lying
In a heap of dead and dying,
Why, poor devil, I was trying
To forget, and not to blame.

"And the locket—I unclasped it,
From the fingers that still grasped it,
He told me how he got it,
How he stole it in a waltz!"
And she listened leaden-hearted,
Oh, the weary day they parted!
For she loved him, ah, she loved him,
For his youth, and for his truth,
And for his dying words so false.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

SIR.—As a constant reader of your valuable paper from its first number, and as one jealous for its accuracy, may I point out a slight error in your article of to-day on "The Moral of Rossendale"? You say, "This is the twentieth seat which has been won," etc.; but Rossendale is the twenty-first, as the annexed list will show.

There is one feature of our victories that is not sufficiently noticed, namely, that in no less than eight cases, and these practically all borough seats except the first (viz., Spalding, Coventry, Southampton, Govan, Kennington, Rochester, Peterborough, and Eccles), we have captured seats that were not ours even in 1885.

When we remember that in 1885 there was a large Liberal-Nationalist majority, and this notwithstanding that we fared so disastrously in the boroughs, I think the auguries for the future are of the brightest.—Your obedient servant,

B. D. M.

Highbury, January 30th, 1892.

P.S.—I have omitted all reference to Ayr, which was won for a short time and lost again.

1887.—Barnley.	1890.—North St. Pancras.
Spalding.	Carnarvon.
Coventry.	Barrow.
Northwich.	Eccles.
1888.—West Edinburgh.	1891.—Hartlepool.
Southampton.	Stowmarket.
1889.—Govan.	Harborough.
Kennington.	Wisbech.
Rochester.	South Molton.
Peterborough.	1892.—Rossendale.
North Bucks.	

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 5th, 1892.

NO less pious a railway director than Sir Edward Watkin lately prefaced an oration to the shareholders of one of his numerous undertakings by expressing, in broken accents, the wish that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb might deal gently with illustrious personages in their present grievous affliction." The wish was a kind one, and is only referred to here as another illustration of the amazing skill of the author of the phrase quoted by the speaker in so catching the tone, temper, and style of King James's version that the words occur to the feeling mind as naturally as any in Holy Writ as the best expression of a sorrowful emotion.

The phrase itself is, indeed, an excellent example of Sterne's genius for pathos. No one knew better than he how to drive words home. George Herbert, in his selection of "Outlandish Proverbs," to which he subsequently gave the alternate title "Jacula Prudentum," has the following: "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure"; but this proverb in that wording would never have succeeded in making the chairman of a railway company believe he had read it somewhere in the Bible. It is the same thought, but the words which convey it stop far short of the heart. A close-shorn sheep will not brook comparison with Sterne's "shorn lamb"; whilst the tender, compassionate, beneficent "God tempers the wind" makes the original "God gives wind by measure" wear the harsh aspect of a wholly unnecessary infliction.

Sterne is our best example of the plagiarist whom none dare make ashamed. He robbed other men's orchards with both hands; and yet no more original writer than he ever went to press in these isles.

He has been dogged, of course; but, as was befitting in his case, it has been done pleasantly. Sterne's detective, his Churton Collins, was the excellent Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, whose "Illustrations of Sterne," first published in 1798, were written at an earlier date for the edification of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Those were pleasant days, when men of reading were content to give their best thoughts first to their friends and then—ten years afterwards—to the public.

Dr. Ferriar's book is worthy of its subject. The motto on the title-page is delightfully chosen. It is taken from the opening paragraph of Lord Shaftesbury's "Miscellaneous Reflections": "Peace be with the soul of that charitable and Courteous Author who for the common benefit of his fellow-Authors introduced the ingenious way of MISCELLANEOUS WRITING." Here Dr. Ferriar stopped; but I will add the next sentence:—"It must be owned that since this happy method was established the Harvest of Wit has been more plentiful and the Labourers more in number than heretofore." Wisely, indeed, did Charles Lamb declare Shaftesbury was not too genteel for him. No pleasanter penance for random thinking can be devised than spending an afternoon turning over Shaftesbury's three volumes and trying to discover how near he ever did come to saying that "Ridicule was the test of truth."

Dr. Ferriar's happy motto puts the reader in a sweet temper to start with, for he sees at once that the author is no pedantic, soured churl, but a good fellow who is going to make a little sport with a celebrated wit, and show you how a genius fills his larder.

The first thing that strikes you in reading Dr. Ferriar's book is the marvellous skill with which Sterne has created his own atmosphere and characters, in spite of the fact that some of the most characteristic remarks of his characters are, in the language of the Old Bailey, "stolen goods." "'There is no cause but one,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because God pleases to have it so.' 'That is Grangousier's solution,' said my father. 'T is He,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking up and not regarding my father's interruption, 'who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions and for such ends as is agreeable to His infinite wisdom.' "'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh': and if those are not the words of my Uncle Toby, it is idle to believe in anything": and yet we read in Rabelais—as, indeed, Sterne suggests to us we should—"Pourquoi," dit Gargantua, "est-ce que frère Jean a si beau nez?" "Parce," répondit Grangousier, "qu'ainsi Dieu l'a voulu, lequel nous fait en telle forme et à telle fin selon son divin arbitre, que fait un potier ses vaisseaux."

To create a character and to be able to put in his mouth borrowed words which yet shall quiver with his personality is the supreme triumph of the greatest "miscellaneous writer" who ever lived.

Dr. Ferriar's book, after all, but establishes this—that the only author whom Sterne really pillaged is Burton, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," a now well-known writer, but who in Sterne's time, despite Dr. Johnson's partiality, appears to have been neglected. Sir Walter Scott, an excellent authority on such a point, says, in his *Life of Sterne*, that Dr. Ferriar's essay raised the "Anatomy of Melancholy" to double price in the book market.

Sir Walter is unusually hard upon Sterne in this matter of the "Anatomy." But different men, different methods. Sir Walter had his own way of cribbing. Sterne's humorous conception of the character of the elder Shandy required copious illustration from learned sources, and a whole host of examples and whimsicalities, which it would have passed the wit of man to invent for himself. He found these things to his hand in Burton, and, like our first parent, "he scrupled not to eat." It is not easy to exaggerate the extent of his plunder. The well-known chapter with its refrain "The Lady Baussière rede on," and the chapter on the death of Brother Bobby, are almost, though not altogether, pure Burton.

The general effect of it all is to raise your opinion immensely—of Burton. As for your opinion of Sterne as a man of conduct, is it worth while having one? It is a poor business bludgeoning men who bore the brunt of life a long century ago, and whose sole concern now with the world is to delight it. Laurence Sterne is not standing for Parliament. "Eliza" has been dead a dozen decades. Nobody covers his sins under the cloak of this particular parson. Our sole business is with "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey"; and if these books are not matters for congratulation and joy, then the pleasures of literature are all fudge, and the whole thing a got-up job of "The Trade" and the hungry crew who go buzzing about it.

Mr. Traill concludes his pleasant *Life of Sterne* in a gloomy vein, which I cannot, for the life of me, understand. He says, "The fate of Richardson might seem to be close behind him" (Sterne). Even the fate of "Clarissa" is no hard one. She still numbers good intellects, and bears her century lightly. Diderot, as Mr. Traill reminds us, praised her outrageously—but Mr. Ruskin is not far behind; and from Diderot to Ruskin is a good "drive." But

Tristram is a very different thing from Clarissa. I should have said, without hesitation, that it was one of the most popular books in the language. Go where you will amongst men—old and young, undergraduates at the Universities, readers in our great cities, old fellows in the country, judges, doctors, barristers—if they have any tincture of literature about them, they all know their “Shandy” at least as well as their “Pickwick.” What more can be expected? “True Shandeism,” its author declares, “think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs.” I will be bound to say Sterne made more people laugh in 1891 than in any previous year; and, what is more, he will go on doing it—“that is, if it please God,” said my Uncle Toby.” A. B.

REVIEWS.

TWO BOOKS ON COLONIAL POLICY.

AN ESSAY ON THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES. By Sir George Cornwall Lewis (originally published in 1841). Edited, with an Introduction, by C. P. Lucas, B.A., of the Colonial Office. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1891.

DE LA COLONISATION CHEZ LES PEUPLES MODERNES. Par Paul Leroy-Beaulieu (de l'Institut), Professeur au Collège de France. Quatrième Edition. Paris: Guillaumin & Cie., 1891.

THE publication of the two treatises whose names we have subjoined comes very opportunely, when Colonial problems, which we have of late years sought rather to forget, are becoming, both in North America and in Australasia, too important to be any longer neglected. Sir George Lewis's “Government of Dependencies” is an old book, for it appeared just fifty years ago. But a work so full of careful observation and statesmanlike reflection is never out of date; on the contrary, one may almost say that the changes which have happened since it was written make many of its views more interesting and suggestive than they were then. We do not always agree, but we always feel ourselves in the presence of a sound and vigorous thinker, who adds practical knowledge of affairs to a large familiarity with history and economics. Lewis was, moreover, a man so fully abreast of, but not far ahead of, the best thought of his time, that we find in him an excellent mirror of that thought, and can thereby measure the changes that have passed over the doctrines of publicists as well as the practice of politicians since the Colonial Secretaryship of Lord Grey, and the Canadian experiences of Lord Durham.

The Clarendon Press Delegates have been fortunate in finding a singularly competent editor in Mr. Lucas. Both his Introduction and his Notes greatly add to the value of the book, for they are written, not only from a wide knowledge, but with a careful appreciation as well of Sir G. C. Lewis's modes of thought as of the lines on which opinion has moved from his day to our own. The Introduction contains a clear and judicious survey of the course of colonial policy during the past half century, and a not less judicious examination of the chief colonial problem of the present, viz., the advantages of maintaining political connection between Britain and her colonies, and the best means of maintaining that connection, a subject to which we shall presently recur.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu's book is of a different type. It is primarily a sketch of the history of the colonising action of the great European nations, and a description of the actual state of the colonies thus produced; and the element of political philosophy, so conspicuous in Sir G. C. Lewis, is entirely subordinated to this statement of facts. But though it is thus a work of less permanent interest, as well as of inferior intellectual power, it contains so much useful information, set forth so intelligently, and on the whole so fairly, as to be a most useful complement to the treatise of our countryman. Beginning with

passes in review the colonising policy and action of the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, the French, the Danes and Swedes, down to the end of last century. He then proceeds to note the new forms which colonisation has taken in this century, and after describing the fate of the possessions of France, England, and Spain, in the West Indies, he deals shortly with the attempts of Germany and Italy to effect settlements in Africa; and goes on to give a very full and instructive account of Algeria and Tunis, with a briefer, but generally accurate description of the recent development of Canada and Australia, and of the advance of Russia in Central, Northern, and Eastern Asia. This advance, which has been observed in Western Europe chiefly from the political point of view, has, as he remarks, immense economic significance. He indicates, in a penetrating passage, the conditions that have aided Russia and that strengthen her position, but strangely omits to notice the analogous process which has been going on in North America, where the people of the Atlantic Coast, both in the United States and in Canada, have spread themselves out to the West and colonised the enormous territories between the Alleghanies and Great Lakes on the east and the Pacific Ocean on the west. No two movements of population in the modern world better illustrate one another both by their similarities and by their contrasts. In the remainder of the book (constituting about a fifth of the whole) various questions of Colonial policy are dealt with, such as emigration, the investment of home capital in Colonial enterprises, the value of Colonial commerce, the control and disposition of Colonial lands, the system of Chartered Companies, and the methods of administration and government to be applied to Colonies. M. Leroy-Beaulieu's handling of these large topics can hardly be called masterly or original, but it is always intelligent and seldom superficial. He has taken pains to inform himself of the facts, and he reasons from them in a sensible and unprejudiced way. He has been struck by two salient phenomena: first, the immense increase of interest in colonisation and desire of the European peoples to lay hold of the vacant spaces of the world; and secondly, the comparative failure of France to make her Colonies prosperous and a source of strength. He is anxious to ascertain the causes of this failure, and he goes to history, particularly the history of Great Britain and her settlements, for the explanation.

Of the many points raised by a comparison of the views of Sir G. C. Lewis and his editor with those of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, we can advert to a few only. The Englishman wrote at the moment when the policy of complete “responsible government,” as we now understand it, was being considered as respects Canada, but had not come up as respects any other colony. In a measured and guarded way he recommends the extension of self-government to dependencies that are fit for it; but his language implies that such complete self-government as Canada and the Australasian colonies now enjoy would be virtual independence; and he expressly says that “If a dominant country understood the true nature of the advantages arising from the relation of supremacy and dependence to the related communities, it would voluntarily recognise the legal independence of such of its own dependencies as were fit for independence; it would by its political arrangements study to prepare for independence those which were still unable to stand alone; and it would seek to promote colonisation for the purpose of extending its trade rather than its Empire, and without attempting to maintain the dependence of its colonies beyond the time when they need its protection.”

On the other hand, Mr. Lucas, though by no means what is called an Imperial Federationist, points out that most of the disadvantages which Lewis finds the Mother Country “to suffer from owning colonial possessions have either disappeared or been minimised; whereas, on the other hand, she

still derives some very substantial benefits from her colonies;" while the advantage Lewis treats almost contemptuously—"the glory which a country is supposed to derive from an extensive colonial empire"—has a real and important value, and that not merely a sentimental but a practical one. M. Leroy-Beaulieu goes even further. He regards England as highly enviable in respect of her colonies; ascribes her success to the wide grants of self-government she has made; and conceives that, in spite of the Protective tariff systems some of them have foolishly adopted, the benefits she receives far outweigh the disadvantages. However, he thinks that the time must arrive when the political life and local pride of a prosperous self-governing colony will have reached such a point that the Mother Country will be confronted by two alternatives:—Either she may incorporate the colony, should the conditions of proximity and of economic and social similarity make this possible; or she must create a purely federative tie, with full reciprocal administrative independence. He seems to think that by such an expedient total separation may be avoided; but those who read Mr. Lucas's careful examination of the question, in his Introduction, will realise the enormous difficulties which lie before any scheme of Federation.

Both M. Leroy-Beaulieu and Mr. Lucas refer to, and both approve, the recent re-appearance of the chartered company as a colonising agent. Few things in recent history are more remarkable. Within a very few years from the disappearance of the East India Company and the cession to Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company of its territorial rights, four new companies, partly trading, partly conquering, have sprung up in England—the North Borneo Company, the Niger Company, the East African Company, the South African Company. Germany has produced three—the East African Company, the South-West African (Damaraland and Angra Pequena) Company, and the New Guinea Company. Portugal has her Mozambique Company, and the so-called Congo State has been left vacant to what is virtually another such semi-commercial, semi-political enterprise. None of these undertakings has as yet proved a conspicuous commercial success. Neither has any yet had time to establish a stable dominion, though two of the English companies do fairly well, and a third (as the newspapers have informed us) is sanguine of paying its way after 1893. The German enterprises, indeed, have sadly disappointed their promoters; and the Portuguese society is nothing but a contrivance for protesting against and quarrelling with its English neighbour. The real importance, both of the German and the English organisations, lies in the fact that they are less overt and ostentatious, but not less real, engines of annexation than the proclamations and soldiers of the States to which they belong. Mr. Lucas sees the good side of the movement, and deems "the second birth of chartered companies one of the most hopeful as it is one of the most unexpected signs of the times." M. Leroy-Beaulieu is less cordial, for he finds England playing at her old game, as Frenchmen think it, of quietly appropriating the best parts of the uncivilised world. But he applauds our activity, and would like to have seen France equally watchful and alert. He holds that before long—not improbably, in the case of South Africa and East Africa, within a quarter of a century—the Crown will have taken over the territories which the companies have now obtained permission to regulate. In enumerating the advantages which this flexible and variable system offers, among which he specially admires the power which the Government has of disavowing any act of the company, M. Leroy-Beaulieu omits to notice the enormous increase of liabilities which the company may, in case of war or disaster, impose upon the Government. Fascinated by the civilising mission of the great European nations, he holds that the extension of their authority is a sufficient compensa-

tion for the losses they may incur, and the dangers they may have to face.

Another singular revival, though in a better form, of an ancient expedient of colonisation is dealt with by both Mr. Lucas and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, viz., the transplantation of large masses of native labour from one part of the tropical world to another. What the slave trade was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the conveyance of coolies and, in a less degree, the spontaneous movement of Chinese, has been to the latter half of the nineteenth; and the causes which have produced this migration suggest some of the difficulties which will arise when the "spheres of influence" which European Powers now claim in equatorial Africa have been turned into effective dominion. India was a comparatively civilised country when we conquered it, possessing an old industrial organisation. But in no other tropical country have Europeans succeeded in developing the resources of the soil without slavery or something dangerously near it. Yet the economic problem in the West Indies, in the Philippines, in Queensland, is far simpler than such a region as equatorial Africa will present to the European adventurers of next century.

SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.

SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS: AN ARCHEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDY. By Dr. C. Schuchhardt, Director of the Kestner Museum in Hanover. Translated from the German by Eugenie Sellers, with an Appendix on the recent discoveries at Hissarlik by Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld, and an Introduction by Walter Leaf, Litt. D. Illustrated. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

IN 1886 Dr. Schuchhardt, who was then excavating in the Troad, began the German original of the present book at the request of F. A. Brockhaus. In the prosecution of this work he had the sympathy and co-operation of Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld, which have evidently been given to the translator also. All the numerous illustrations to be found in "Troy and its Remains" (1874), "Mycenæ and Tiryns" (1878), "Ilios" (1880), "Orchomenos" (1881), "Troja" (1884), and "Tiryns" (1886), were placed at Dr. Schuchhardt's free disposal. Hence it is not necessary to look beyond his pages, or those of his translator, for the adequate representation of any one of Dr. Schliemann's great discoveries. Even the record of his last campaign in the Troad appears in an appendix; with a touching word of preface from Mrs. Schliemann.

So great is the esteem in which Dr. Schuchhardt's work is held in Germany, that being out of print, a second edition was recently called for. He is fortunate in having found so successful a translator; for the English version before us is remarkable for its unstrained and idiomatic vigour. So true is this of the book as a whole, that we point out with some hesitation a few passages where we have italicised words that seem ill-chosen.

"Dr. Schliemann next began excavations at *different* other places" (page 15); and lower on the same page, "From that journey he sent a number of *coffers*. . . to the Ethnological Museum in Berlin;" and again, on page 32. . . "transformations of legendary *matter* as audacious as those which our own age has seen emanating from the *bold brain* of Richard Wagner." We hasten to urge our readers to satisfy themselves that these are mere lapses, easily removable in a second edition. The translator deserves thanks not only for the excellent style, but also for helpful references to various authors, and to the treasures of the British Museum, as well as for the important appendix on the Vaphio cups, which, with its beautiful illustrations, is an indispensable addition to our knowledge of the civilisation of Mycenæ and Tiryns. The introductory account, by Mr. Walter Leaf, of the connection between that civilisation and the poems of Homer, supplies just the critical estimate which Dr. Schuchhardt's work needs. Scholars, as well as readers in general, will welcome Mr. Leaf's survey of the work of Dr.

Schliemann, which "has been no less than the creation of prehistoric Greek archaeology." As he says, "it is not for epoch-making men to see the rounding off and completion of their task." Mr. Leaf presents clearly the difficulty as to modes of burial. Homer does not recognise in plain words any other custom than that of burning the dead; Dr. Schliemann has discovered at Mycenæ only the tombs of men who were buried, and he had himself long since declared that the Ithacan graves which Guitara opened could not be prehistoric, because the bodies in them had not been burned. Another difficulty concerns the costume ascribed by Homer to the men of his story. A totally different manner of clothing is the only one recorded on the monuments found at Mycenæ; and yet, Mr. Leaf concludes that there are positive evidences, outweighing these negative ones, which reasonably establish "the undesigned coincidence" between the culture of Mycenæ and the poems of Homer. These evidences are found in the fourth chapter of this book, which is devoted to Mycenæ, and also in the third chapter, on Tiryns, although it is tolerably clear that the civilisation of Tiryns was older than that of Mycenæ, and that the memory of it was comparatively dim in the days of the Homeric poems.

The more nearly, however, we agree with Dr. Schuchhardt and Dr. Schliemann in their substantially identical account of the Mycenaean discoveries, the less shall we be able to follow them in their explanation of the remains of the second city unearthed on Hissarlik. Not that, according to our view, they make it too ancient. On the contrary, by bringing the epoch at which the second city of the Hissarlik mound was built too near to that of the prehistoric civilisation at Mycenæ, they have underestimated the unique value of the Trojan discovery. Supplemented by previous and subsequent discoveries made in the lava-beds of Santorin, on other islands of the Aegean, and in Egypt, the prehistoric Troy of Dr. Schliemann's Priam resuscitates an era of civilisation which antedates that of Mycenæ and the earlier one of Tiryns by two centuries at the very least. If this be true, it is idle longer to maintain any connection, however remote, between the fancies of Homer and the facts of Hissarlik. The order adopted by Dr. Schuchhardt, who treats first of Troy, next of Tiryns, and last of Mycenæ, is therefore a chronological one, where, however, the lapse of time is far greater between the first and second than between the second and third.

Nowhere, perhaps, have the arguments for the extreme antiquity of Dr. Schliemann's Troy been better presented than by himself in his own "Troja." He appears never to have considered fully the inevitable result of succeeding too well in maintaining the point in question. And yet François Lenormant, in his most sympathetic account of the newly-published first results of Trojan excavations (Academy, March 21st and 28th, 1874), had given fair warning. He adopted, as few scholars are able to do, almost the identical beliefs of Dr. Schliemann "in the reality of the existence of Troy, and in the fact of the Trojan War," and did not reject "the name of Priam, preserved by tradition as that of the last King of Troy." Yet he maintained a still earlier origin for the remains at Hissarlik, which he connected with an age of pure copper immediately succeeding the stone age. Reinforcing this point by excavations made in Asia Minor, and by what he and the historian Finlay had found in Attica, Lenormant then appealed to "the remarkable monuments left by the Pelopidae at Mycenæ and in the plain of Argos" as giving certain testimony of the far higher point reached by civilisation at the outbreak of the Trojan War. It is remarkable that so nearly correct a forecast of the results to be obtained by Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mycenæ should have been made before they were begun. Our only final appeal then is from Schliemann to Schliemann. We must correct his earlier theories by his later discoveries, and console

ourselves with the paradox that Troy never existed, and Bunabarschi was its site.

So literally do present opinions of all shades bear the mark of Dr. Schliemann's personality, so completely have his character and the manner of life he led invaded our whole consideration of the heroic age in Greece, that the biography prefixed to the present book is one of its most instructive chapters. It is an adaptation from his autobiography published at the beginning of "Ilios," but also contains, sadly enough for those who looked to him for further enlightenment and inspiration, the record of his recent death. Perhaps, however, the most telling of all printed accounts of this great and consistent career is that less complete one which he himself published in 1869, before the days of his fame, and which was reprinted in "Troy and its Remains" (1874). In his preface to "Mycenæ and Tiryns," Mr. Gladstone, who had been persuaded half against his will by Dr. Schliemann to undertake the difficult task, speaks of the discoverer as representing "a destiny stronger than the will of gods." Surely there is a reality for us in those words which we feel more strongly, now that the great lover of Homer has left us. However different from his may be our final conclusions, we shall have reached them with him as our guide.

A GASCON POET.

JASMIN BARBER, POET, PHILANTHROPIST. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D.
London: John Murray.

JACQUES JASMIN, the latest addition to the Smiles picture gallery of good men struggling with adversity, is described by his biographer as barber, poet, and philanthropist. The three terms sum up quite accurately the chief aspects of a life of humble industry, provincial renown, and practical compassion. Jasmin was born in the little town of Agen, in the south of France, in 1798, and there, for the most part, he lived; and it was at Agen, amongst his own people, that he died on the 5th of October, 1864. To-day, crowning the picturesque streets of his birthplace—nearly opposite the little shop in which he carried on his trade as a barber—a bronze statue of the poet of the people meets the gaze of every visitor to the town. It bears on its pedestal the words "Poetry and Charity," and Dr. Smiles is entitled to claim that that brief inscription indicates with more than ordinary exactness the leading features of the provincial barber's life and character. Jacques Jasmin, with a touch of grandiloquence which was thoroughly characteristic of the man, was accustomed to declare that he had been born in the "state of poverty, with the star of poetry in his breast." All through his life he was open to the charge of vanity, and he never made any attempt to conceal his love of applause.

The son of a poor tailor, Jasmin married at eighteen, and a sharp struggle with poverty instead of embittering him seems only to have drawn out into practical channels the sympathies of a sensitive and generous heart. Longfellow, in a familiar passage in his works, commits himself to the somewhat rash statement that Jasmin is to the south of France what Burns is to the south of Scotland—the representative of the heart of the people. This is perhaps a half truth rather than the whole, but when due allowance is made for the kindly exaggeration of a brother poet of the people, the statement may be allowed to stand. Jasmin wrote voluminously, and his poems fill four octavo volumes, but it was with his songs that he first captivated the peasantry of Southern France.

Sainte-Beuve was of opinion that Jasmin was the greatest poet who has ever written in the pure patois of Gascony, and he even went so far to assert that if France possessed but ten singers of the same power and influence she need no longer cherish any fear of revolutions. Dr. Smiles is evidently disposed to regard the "Blind Girl of Castel-Clillè"—a poem which is familiar to English readers by reason of Longfellow's musical translation—as the best of Jasmin's writings; but most critics would

probably accord the first place to "Franconnette," or, with Sainte-Beuve, to "Les Ciseaux Voyageurs." Although Jasmin's range was not very great, he was a true poet, and men like Charles Nodier and Jules Janin found strength and beauty enough in his artless lyrics to warrant their encomiums. Jacques Jasmin has been described as the "St. Vincent de Paul of poetry," and, in spite of the exaggeration of such a comparison, there was enough in the barber-poet's life to suggest the epithet. The truth is, Jasmin was at the beck and call of every good cause, and travelled up and down France reciting his poems in order to raise money for religious and other charities. Throughout his life he retained his simplicity and his warm heart, and he never forgot his own early struggles, and so was ever ready to help the poor. Dr. Smiles has gathered together many interesting facts and anecdotes concerning this gifted and true-hearted man, and though the book in point of literary style is inferior to the best in the group of biographies from the same pen, it possesses distinct merit. Dr. Smiles is much more successful in descriptions of Jasmin's personal characteristics, surroundings, and philanthropic labours than in the criticism of his place in French literature. It is only fair to add, however, that the monograph is not one which is intended for students, but rather for that wide popular audience which Dr. Smiles long ago won by a series of honourable literary achievements, marked even more conspicuously by generosity of judgment than by critical skill.

FICTION.

1. THE STORY OF CHRIS. By Rowland Grey. One vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.
2. THE HEIRESS OF BEECHFIELD. By M. E. Baldwin. Two vols. London: Digby, Long & Co.
3. DOCTOR HUGUET. By Ignatius Donnelly. One vol. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1892.

THERE can be no doubt that "Rowland Grey" must take a high place among modern writers of fiction. Her style is admirable—gentle and clear, bright and engaging. It is free from any sign of that desire to write with strength that so often causes the lady-novelist to forget the beauties of restraint; and yet in this one small volume there is more than one scene which displays remarkable power. The choice of words is very delicate—we have none of the worn-out collocations of epithet and substantive—and this delicacy is never carried into affectation, never deprives the writing of its warmth and vigour, never becomes mere preciousness. It has the freshness of spring-time in it, and the appearance of spontaneity which is the best and surest evidence of affectionate artistic labour. There is that mark of distinction and individuality in the book which makes it very dangerous to attempt to guess what the author's potentialities are; we can believe that they will give us something better and greater than "The Story of Chris"; we shall be well satisfied if they give us work as good.

"The Story of Chris" would lead us to think that the author—in this respect like Charlotte Brontë—had more knowledge of human nature than of human affairs. We do not mean that the incidents of the story, the mere machinery of it, will seem unreal and unconvincing to the reader, but only that the writer sees more clearly when she looks inwardly than when she looks outwardly; she writes with more confidence when she is telling us how a woman thinks about a man than when she is describing a hotly-contested election; she knows the love of creating which exists in every author better than she knows, perhaps, the business of a bank or the editing of a provincial newspaper. But we see in this not so much a cause for complaint as some evidence that the author's experiences have had the necessary limitations of youth, and that in consequence we may expect some further development. The book is not ignorant and amateurish; but it has not yet gained all that practice and experience can

give. In the delineation of character the writer shows something of the inequality which is also a sign that the perfection of her powers is not yet quite reached. The French cook is merely the French cook of fiction à l'Anglaise, who is only introduced because he is humorous, and is only humorous because he regards his work as an art. In some of the more important characters we think that we trace unconscious recollections of the characters of other books. But Chris seems to us to have been created. She is bright; we mean that she is intelligent—not that she is the "playful little puss" that has been presented in hundreds of novels, and must have shortened the lives of hundreds of reviewers; she has real passion and dignity; she is admirable and yet human. Her story will be followed with sympathy and interest, from its first page until its artistic and unconventional conclusion. It is simple enough; but it displays quality of a high order in the writer, and should certainly serve to further advance her reputation.

One descends considerably in passing from "The Story of Chris" to "The Heiress of Beechfield." The latter is the dull and ordinary novel, innocuous and uninteresting, told with less than the average merit. The heroine is an heiress, with lovers:—

(1) A bad peer, strongly recommended by the heroine's grandmother. He proposes and is rejected.

(2) A young curate. He is practically engaged to another woman. The heroine rejects him, rebukes him, and sends him back to his allegiance.

(3) A very noble cousin. Immediately before proposing, he asked if the heroine was sure that he was not an intolerable prig. The heroine was quite sure he was not; we are equally sure that he was, in spite of his admirable qualities. He was rejected. "I love you dearly," she says, "but not like that—not in the way that you would have me love you. I cannot be your wife." However, this is just the kind of book in which the heroine marries the leading prig.

(4) A gallant guardsman, younger son of the Marquis of B., strongly recommended by the grandmother. He never got so far as proposal, and married another woman.

(5) A brilliant villain. The heroine falls in love with him, and accepts him. And all the time that villain is a married man, and has no business to propose at all.

By this time we are well into the second volume. There are two possible endings—the happy and the unhappy. The readers of the novel may find out for themselves which is selected. It is not a very bad book, perhaps, but it is heavy, encumbered with platitudes and cheap moralising, and without any trace of fresh observation or insight.

"Doctor Huguet" was a good man, but he was persuaded by the woman whom he loved to abandon his championship of the negro, lest it should stand in the way of his political advancement. He then saw a vision. He next woke up to find himself inhabiting the body of an immoral negro; the soul of the immoral negro was meanwhile inhabiting the body of the good Doctor Huguet. This work is, we fancy, intended to be taken seriously. Sometimes it reminds us of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and sometimes of "Vice-Versa." The ideas of its author are extravagant; he seems to be quite unable to invest them with any conviction; and their paternity is evident.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE magazines have not for a considerable time been so generally interesting as they are this month, more particularly in that department in which the interest both of writers and readers is so apt to flag, the literary articles to wit.

Mr. Walter Pater's name has never been a common phenomenon in periodical literature, and its appearance in a magazine always attracts attention from the rarity of the occurrence, as well as on other

grounds still more creditable to Mr. Pater. In "The Genius of Plato" (*Contemporary*), Plato is defined as a realist in terms that might even satisfy M. Zola, and show him that not only, as he assured his interviewer (*Albemarle*), can Realism never die, however much it may change, but that it has existed from the beginnings of literature. Plato, says Mr. Pater, is one for whom the visible world "really exists," because he is, by nature, and before all things, from first to last, unalterably a lover. This is pretty much Bacon's *lumen madidum*, or intellect steeped in affection, referred to by Carlyle in "Wotton Reinfred" (*New Review*). Such a one was Carlyle himself. Those who doubt it will find an illustration of his intense humanity in the second instalment of Sir C. G. Duffy's "Conversations with Carlyle" (*Contemporary*). The misery he felt when he learned that the charming bride whom he had tried to entertain on the journey to Sligo thought him a twaddling old Scotchman, will be ascribed by many exclusively to offended vanity; but they forget that the greatest lovers of men and of things are necessarily the greatest self-lovers. This of "intellect steeped in affection" is also pretty much what the writer of "Romance and Youth" (*Macmillan*) means when he says that at whatever age one finds one's self, to be persuaded that *that* is the age of romance is to have the elixir of perpetual youth. The same writer, remembering Helen, Penelope, and Cleopatra, points out that it was no such Copernican discovery for romance when Balzac made his vaunted "woman of thirty" the centre of the system of his human comedy. Mr. Andrew Lang would agree with him regarding the age of Helen, but we question if it has often struck him in reading the "Iliad" that the Trojan War was far like a series of football matches than modern warfare. Not Mr. Lang only, who writes a scholarly article on "Homer and the Higher Criticism" (*National*), but many who know Homer best through Pope or Chapman will be indignant at such a comparison. The article in *Macmillan* is, however, full of good things, and well worth reading. Mr. Arthur D. Innes—"About Tennyson" (*Monthly Packet*)—reminds us that although there is a Tennyson and a Browning camp, there is no valid reason why the votaries of either poet should give way to an inclination to turn the very faults of their bard into merits by way of proving that the merits of the other are very little better than faults.

We confess to having felt at first some amazement at the seeming warmth of Mr. Henry James's appreciation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work as a novelist (*English Illustrated*): but a careful consideration of his short article brought out the fact that his interest in "Robert Elsmere" is not by any means purely literary. It is rather as a social phenomenon that he admires that work with an admiration somewhat akin, we should say, to that which Hamlet's mother felt for her son. The points he emphasises are that Mrs. Ward is at once the author of the work of fiction that has in our time been most widely circulated, and the most striking example of the unprecedented kind of attention which the feminine mind is now at liberty to excite. Professor Boyesen, writing of "Mr. Howells and His Work" (*Cosmopolitan*), says that literature is the autobiography of the race: with which few will disagree; but when he goes on to insist that that part of it which is not autobiographic in the sense of being contemporary is of inferior value, we at once ask "Contemporary with what?" Professor Boyesen replies boldly, "Contemporary with the characteristic qualities of the people to which an author belongs." Would the professor be surprised to learn that it is quite possible to defend the proposition that the greatest literature is that in which racial distinctions are kept in the background? Other interesting literary papers are Professor Hales's note on "Run-aways Eyes" (*Longman's*): "The Stage and Literature" (*Fortnightly*), in which Mr. Archer banters Mr. Traill and those dramatists who cherish some

superstitious belief in the magic power of the printing-press to transmute rubbish into literature; and Mr. Sidney Lee's "Word for the Reviewers." (*National*).

The *Contemporary* seems to have secured all the "Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning." Four writers discourse in its columns on their acquaintance with him whom some are calling, surely too soon, the great Cardinal. In this grouping together in one magazine of a number of writers on one subject, not for debate, but merely for exposition, a new element appears to be introduced into the competition that keeps the monthlies up to the mark. Before, it was the legitimate aim of editors to secure the best writer on a given subject; if it should become the aim of each to secure all the writers—prices will go up, whatever else happens. There are more "Reminiscences of Washington Allston" in *Scribner's*. The first of a series of articles on Haydon in *Temple Bar* is specially good. "An Eighteenth Century Friendship" (*Longman's*), by Miss I. A. Taylor, is an interesting chapter in the lives of Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald.

The recent exposure of the ubiquitous skeleton, the public washing of the dirty linen of more than one prominent household, has led to the discussion of the marriage question by Mrs. Lynn Linton in the *New Review*, and by Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe and the Countess of Malmesbury in the *Fortnightly*. Mrs. Linton's paper is well reasoned and reasonable. She invites us to recognise the hitherto unfamiliar fact that women are not only humanly capable of committing, but are now absolutely in the midst of temptations to commit legal crimes and moral crimes from which a more home-staying and less adventurous manner of life once preserved them; and reiterates her demand that divorce be granted for habitual drunkenness, madness, and felony. The Countess of Malmesbury's reply to Mr. Donisthorpe's plain-speaking is altogether beside the mark.

In Mr. Grant Allen's "Desert Fruit" (*Longman's*) the prickly pear is treated as a typical instance of a desert plant, drinking as much as it can when opportunity offers, and economising evaporation by every means in its power. The anonymous "Pretty Poll" (*Cornhill*), which we take to be Mr. Grant Allen's work also, is a charming popular scientific paper. Among the members of the parrot tribe, the ever memorable kea, soon to be extinct, receives due attention. This is the bird—until fifty years ago a vegetarian—which developed under the eyes of the New Zealand colonists a taste for sheep's kidneys, hot and raw from the living subject, at the same time as the human natives took to tall hats and strong liquors. There are some fine verses in "Grasmere" (*Monthly Packet*), a fragmentary poem by Dorothy Wordsworth. Mr. C. J. O'Malley's "Enceladus" (*Century*) is a striking poem, and there is a fine phrase, "ripe for his epitaph," used of an old man in Mr. R. E. Burton's "Song and Singer" (*Century*). The very interesting article by Mr. G. E. Boase on "The Reading-Room of the British Museum" (*Middlesex Note-book*) has attracted much attention.

The best things in *The Idler* are Mr. Jerome's "Silhouettes" and Mr. Andrew Lang's "Enchanted Cigarettes." In the former the bulk of the incidents are so sombre that a more detailed treatment might have been inartistic. We hope to be there when Mr. Lang is king, and commands Mr. Stevenson to tell him his own story of how Queen Elizabeth couldn't marry because she was Lord Darnley. We note in the composite photographs that when a young and an old face are blended, the former invariably predominates. In more complex mixtures the older faces have more show. One cautious general remark may be made about *The Idler*. Many magazines before achieving individuality require to pass through a period of probation, and be, like Britain, battered by the shocks of doom into shape and use; but *The Idler* has succeeded at once in specialising itself—a really remarkable feat.

ECONOMIC METHOD.

THE SCOPE AND METHOD OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By John Neville Keynes, M.A., University Lecturer in Moral Science and late Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

SINCE Auguste Comte declared that Political Economy consisted chiefly of discussions as barren as anything in Scholasticism, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the first number of the *Fortnightly*, reiterated and emphasised his master's charge, economists have become more distinctly conscious of their exact aims and more careful as to the logic of their science than was possible for Ricardo or Adam Smith. The subject has been fully discussed from various sides by Cliffe-Leslie, Mill, Cairnes, Ingram, von Thünen, and a host of other writers; and "the logical method of the sciences of society" has become a stock question in more than one kind of examination. Mr. Keynes's book is an able and lucid review of the whole discussion, and a most excellent contribution both to political economy and applied logic. It exhibits a wide knowledge of economic literature, as well as the clearness which wide knowledge, unfortunately, does not always secure, but which will naturally be expected by those who know the same author's "Formal Logic." He introduces English readers, in passing, to schools of which few of them can know much—not only the historical school of Germany, but the ultra-mathematical school headed by Professor Menger, of Vienna, and the new ethical school of America, whose best-known member is Professor Richard T. Ely. His conclusion is that all methods have their place in economics, though, in the main, we gather that he favours the concrete deductive method formulated by Mill and adopted by the orthodox English economists, which explains observed phenomena by deduction from known laws of human nature. And he insists that economic science, as science, should confine itself to economic phenomena, excluding ethical considerations until the conclusions are applied to practice. There are useful remarks on the alleged occurrence of "experiments made by nature" in social phenomena, on the use of statistics, and on the application of mathematical methods. In short, the book is sound orthodox logic, and equally orthodox English economics. The simplest way to have written it would, of course, have been to fill several large volumes with masses of detail on biography, bibliography, economic history, the relation of the writers to their ages, and all the apparatus of German *Gründlichkeit*. Mr. Keynes spares us all this (which anyone who wants it can easily get), and yet is as thorough and comprehensive as the most learned of Germans, while he is far less pretentious, and infinitely more lucid and concise.

A HISTORY OF CANADA.

HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By the Rev. William Parr Greswell, M.A. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute, Oxford and London: The Clarendon Press.

THIS volume is issued "under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute," and in the preface it is stated that "it has been supervised throughout by members of the Educational Committee of the Council of the Institute—a body which represents a membership of 3,564 Fellows, 2,259 of whom reside in the Colonies." Mr. Greswell has had no lack of materials to draw upon, judging from the authorities he quotes; and the supervision alluded to should have added very much to the value and thoroughness of the work. It must be confessed, however, that its contents do not altogether realise the anticipations thus raised. A not inconsiderable part of the information it contains has little bearing upon the history of Canada. Mr. Greswell is evidently personally acquainted with South Africa, although, apparently, not with Canada, and this may account for the numerous references to the former country, which seem often strangely out of place. The volume suffers from being badly arranged, and from occasional looseness of description; and the utility of a number of appendices in a work intended chiefly for school purposes is rather doubtful. Hardly sufficient attention is paid, it seems to us, to some of the more important events which have happened since Canada became a British possession. The circumstances under which the French-Canadians secured the recognition of their language, their laws, and religion, are but lightly touched upon; and the difficulties that led to the Union of 1840, and the subsequent wider Confederation, are also only imperfectly described. All these things have had a most important bearing upon the development of the Province of Quebec, and the peculiar and powerful position it occupies to-day in the Dominion. It cannot be said, either, that the Constitution of Canada under the British North America Act, 1867, and amending Acts, is given with that accuracy which its importance renders desirable; and there are not only a few noteworthy omissions in the volume, but some statements certainly open to the charge of being of doubtful accuracy. The period since Confederation has received but scant attention. In these twenty-four years numerous important events, worthy of notice, have happened concerning the Dominion as a whole, and bearing also upon the relations of the Provinces to the Federal Government; and, besides, the progress of the country has been remarkable in many ways. The development of free education passes almost unnoticed, and the settlement of many social and political problems that still engage attention at home is almost entirely ignored. Little or nothing is said either of the working of the Constitution

and of the difficulties that have been experienced and overcome, or of the merits of the disputes that have arisen with the United States with regard to the fisheries, trade, and boundaries, and the attempts that have been made to dispose of some of them. Surely an event like the Conference at Washington in 1887-8 is deserving of notice? An even more remarkable omission is the absence of any allusion to the wonderful growth of the trade of Canada in recent years, both internal and external, and to the circumstances that led up to the adoption of the "National Policy." Again, the supposed sentiment in favour of Commercial Union with the United States is deserving of mention, although it has now been dropped in favour of "Unrestricted Reciprocity" (whatever that may mean), owing to the discovery that it might—some say must—lead to political annexation. Then there are other questions that have been causing discussion in Quebec and in the other Provinces, such as the Jesuits' Estates Act, the influx of French-Canadians into Ontario, the separate-school system, the use of the French language officially in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, the entry of Newfoundland into the Confederation, and the attempts made by the Canadian Government to open up closer commercial relations with the Australian Colonies, to which some reference might have been made. Prince Edward Island is hardly thought worthy of attention at all, although the history of the land question, so long a bone of contention there, as it has been in Ireland, and the compulsory buying out of the landlords sixteen years ago, by which peace and prosperity have been restored, would be profitable reading at the present time.

There is much in the volume to commend, and much that deserves favourable mention; but, upon the whole, it is somewhat disappointing.

THE SOUNDS OF OLD ENGLISH.

SYNOPSIS OF OLD ENGLISH PHONOLOGY. By A. L. Mayhew. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1891.

THIS is a most valuable little book. We hesitate to call it interesting because such an epithet is, as a rule, applied only to works which appeal to the "general reader," while Mr. Mayhew writes for specialists, and packs the nutrition which he offers to the mind into a species of pemmican, needing a strong digestion to tackle it. But for the real students of language, whose number is constantly on the increase, Mr. Mayhew's book is nothing less than fascinating, and the "synopsis," tables, and lists of sounds, which look so dry and dead to the uninitiated, are instinct with life.

The author is extremely modest. He says, "There is nothing original in this book. The aim of the writer has been to present in a compact, handy, tabulated form some of what appear to be the assured results of the recent researches of scholars in England and Germany." The science here called Phonology is in Germany known as *Lautehre*, so new a word that it does not occur in excellent German dictionaries. It is, as Mr. Mayhew explains, "A systematic account of the sounds of a language as represented by written symbols or letters." If we can trace the sound of letters and syllables in many cognate dialects, and find that those which look very different to the eye are in fact the same sound, it is plain that much help may be found for the derivation of words and for their history, along with and often correcting hasty deductions from a misapplication of other laws.

We take, for instance, the words *seolfor* in West Saxon, *silver*, Gothic *silubr*, Old High German *silobar*, *Meale*, milk, Gothic *miluks*, Old Saxon *miluk*, *Seolk*, silk, Icelandic *silki*, *Wodure*, widow, Old High German *witura*, Gothic *widura*. After reading these we are quite prepared to accept the fact that *co=io*, the *u*-umlaut of German *i*, and see that the first word quoted has nothing whatever to do with "sulphur," like which it looks. The comparison of cognate forms teaches the history of sound and the derivation of words. That things are not what they seem is one of the earliest lessons we have to learn in the study of language. Mr. Skeat points out in the preface to his dictionary that even "Grimm's Law," so much talked of, "is little understood, and that many scholars are entirely at a loss to understand why the English *cure* has no connection with the Latin *cura*, nor the English *whole* with the Greek *ὅλος*, nor the French *charité* with the Greek *χρης*." We may add nor the English *call* with the Greek *καλέω*, perhaps the most obvious and the most persistent mis-understanding of all. Mr. Skeat goes on to say, "Yet for the understanding of these things nothing more is needed than a knowledge of the relative values of the English, Latin, and Greek alphabets." Mr. Mayhew would join issue, and would tell us that a knowledge of the sound of the letters is also necessary. "That some treatise like the present work is needed, we may, I think, rightly infer from an equation I have just met with in a book written by a distinguished English scholar. The English word *deer* (we are told) = Greek *εῖς*. That this equation is utterly impossible is, of course, proved both by the vocalism of the Old English form *dēor*, and by the consonantism of its Gothic equivalent *deus*. It is not too much to say that popular etymological dictionaries of the English language swarm with such impossible equations. Never mind, the day of *Lautehre* is coming!"

This book will do much to aid the dawn. It is complete, and shows infinite pains; is handy, and admirably printed.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE group of dainty but diminutive volumes which the publisher, Mr. David Stott, has called after himself, has just received a welcome accession in the shape of "Religio Medici, and other Essays," by that scholarly cavalier and imaginative mystic, Sir Thomas Browne. This new issue of a classic book is edited, with a biographical introduction, by Dr. Lloyd Roberts, who dedicated the edition to the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Andrew Clark. It was in the year which witnessed the outbreak of the Civil War that Sir Thomas Browne's book was first printed, much to his own annoyance. It was written, according to his own account, for his "private exercise and satisfaction"; in fact, it was the fruit of "leisureable hours," and the author's "intention was not publick." A manuscript copy of the work found its way through an admiring, but not authorised, hand into the iron jaws of the printing-press, and the result was that in 1642 two surreptitious editions were printed, so that Dr. Browne in the following year—he was knighted by Charles II. in 1671—was obliged in self-defence to publish an edition of his own. The fame of the "Religio Medici," Dr. Lloyd Roberts reminds us, spread rapidly through Europe; it was translated into Latin, Dutch, French, and German, and the Holy See paid the book an undesigned compliment by placing its name in the Index Expurgatorius. Lord Jeffery described the "Religio Medici" as one of the most beautiful prose poems in the language, and amongst those who have fallen more or less under the spell of Sir Thomas Browne's deeply spiritual philosophy are Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Lowell. After the publication of the first revised edition in 1663, Sir Thomas Browne appears to have taken little trouble, according to Dr. Lloyd Roberts, to secure an absolutely correct text, and as a matter of fact both alterations and errors crept into the book. For this reason the text of 1643 has been followed in this reprint, and this circumstance of course renders the little volume all the more acceptable to students of the classic prose of the seventeenth century.

It is possible to say a good word for "Sketches in Prose," though not for the "Occasional Verses" by which they are accompanied. There is both humour and pathos in Mr. Riley's short stories: they are concerned for the most part with phases of life which are common enough on the other side of the Atlantic, and they reflect with fidelity and skill much that is typical in the life of the people. There is almost a photographic sharpness about some of these pen-and-ink portraits, and quite one of the best short stories is about a brave little shoe black called "Jamesy." Another noteworthy sketch written in another mood bears the odd title "An Adjustable Lunatic," and—justifies it. With the exception of the verses, which we have already banned, there is hardly a sketch in the book which is not worth reading, and they are all racy of the soil.

"The Story of Africa and its Explorers" promises to be a fascinating as well as an important work. Messrs. Cassell and Company intend to publish it in monthly parts, and if the promise of the opening number is maintained, the success of the venture seems assured. Dr. Robert Brown has himself traversed various regions of Africa, and the literary interest of the record is not likely to suffer in his hands, especially as it is announced—somewhat vaguely, perhaps—that he is to be "assisted by eminent African travellers." We are promised that no aspect of African discovery and colonisation will be overlooked, and not merely the characteristics of the scenery and the native races will be described, but also the flora and fauna of the Dark Continent. All the illustrations, it is stated, will be new, and a large proportion of them will be reproduced from photographs, taken by travellers and missionaries. Both the full-page and text pictures in the opening part are thoroughly artistic, whilst the coloured map showing European possessions and the routes of celebrated explorers is admirable.

There is truth in the assertion that fifty years ago English tourists had scarcely heard of the Grisons and the beautiful valleys that lie amongst its mountains, but now the Engadine

has grown famous, and Davos has become familiar as a health resort. Even yet the majority of the visitors from this country to that part of Switzerland know little of the history of the district, or how life fared in those remote valleys when the world was a couple of centuries younger, and a good deal less sophisticated. Frequent visits to the Engadine has led the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache to study the history of the Grisons in Herr Sprecher's books, and from his picturesque descriptions—which were based, however, on public archives and family papers—she has borrowed a few incidents which bring vividly before the reader of the modest compilation the life of a primitive and sequestered race.

"A Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat of Treves" is a title which explains itself. Treves, we are reminded on the opening page, was once the second city of the Roman Empire and the metropolis of Central Europe. It was a place where Paganism and Christianity met in fierce conflict, and many martyrs laid down their lives there, as far back as the persecution under Diocletian. Jerome and Athanasius are amongst the great leaders of the Church who once dwelt in the city, and Helena, according to tradition, founded and endowed the cathedral. The point of view from which this book is written is that of unquestioning faith. Father Clarke has persuaded himself that there is "positive historical evidence that the Holy Coat at Treves is really that which was given to the Cathedral by St. Helena," though he is candid enough to admit that there is not a "vestige of satisfactory evidence" to show where the Seamless Robe was preserved during the first three centuries after the Crucifixion. He gives an extremely interesting account of the month which he spent at Treves last autumn—a month that was rendered memorable to all devout Catholics by the exhibition of the relic. He expressly states that the homage of the pilgrims was not really paid to the material garment, and he gives an impressive description of their demeanour during the solemnities. During the last Sunday on which the relic was exposed, no less than seventy-four thousand persons are reported to have passed before the shrine.

The aim of "The Metropolitan Year-Book" is to bring into sharp focus the chief aspects of the local government, the commerce, the religions and philanthropic activity, and the educational and social work of London. Stress is wisely laid in this new issue of a manual which is at once concise and comprehensive, on the constitution, powers, and duties of the London County Council, and a great deal of fresh light is cast on the working of the Poor Law in the metropolis, the progress of the School Board, and the reforms which have been effected in one department or another of the public service within the area of greater London. It is plain that no labour has been spared to bring the facts and statistics which are contained in this accurate and able book thoroughly up to date, and we know of no work of similar price and compass which can at all compare in extent of range and fulness of detail with this admirable handbook.

That useful little book of reference, "The Year's Art," has escaped the perils of childhood and entered on its teens. We congratulate Mr. Huish on the fact, but, at the same time, we are not at all surprised at the success which has attended his efforts, for every year the manual grows more explicit in its information concerning all that relates to art in the capital, the counties, and the colonies. Amongst the special features of the new volume to which attention should be drawn, even in a brief notice like the present and the list of the pictures purchased under the Chantrey Bequest since its foundation; the valuable article on copyright in America, so far as it concerns paintings, drawings, statuary, and designs; and the rules and regulations of the Department of Fine Arts of the Exhibition to be held in Chicago from May to October in the present year. State aid to art, art teaching at the public schools, the art sales of 1891, and the legal decisions of the year which affect painters, sculptors, and dealers, are amongst the special subjects which are passed in review. There is the usual "Directory of Artists," and portraits are given of the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. A capital likeness of Sir J. D. Linton forms the frontispiece to this well-arranged and reliable compilation.

NOTICE.

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